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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,753.—Vol. LXVIII.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 20, 1889.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$1.00 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]

"THE UNITED SOUTH."

IN the midst of a sunny South Carolina cotton-field, near the City of Charleston, one bright Spring day, two little pickaninnies sat together on an old broken chair. They were chubby, contented little creatures, grimy, bare-footed, less than half clad, and happy as kittens to bask in the out-door sunshine. Playthings

they had never known, nor missed. A tiny black speck in that broad field, they themselves looked more like toy dolls than the morsels of humanity that they were. As they sat thus, each with an arm affectionately thrown about the other, the daily passenger-train rolled by on the railroad beyond the boundaries of the field. Two pairs of lustrous black eyes were lifted in childish wonderment, and the little pickaninnies held their uncon-

sciously graceful pose until the cars had passed. But the ubiquitous photographer was aboard that train, and his dry-plate camera was in readiness. In an instant he had secured a perfect negative of those Raphael cherubs in black-and-white, who now gaze innocently forth upon the great world from this page of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, fancifully labeled "The United South."



"THE UNITED SOUTH."—A CHARACTERISTIC PLANTATION SCENE.

FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTO. TAKEN BY C. M. PINK, NEAR CHARLESTON, S. C.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, APRIL 20, 1889.

DIRECT AND CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE case of the boy Krulisch seems to be still on trial outside of the court-house. It has the fascination of mystery, and it leaves a doubt which the verdict has not cleared up, although the result is generally satisfactory. The police are reported as saying that they can do no more, because the guilty party has been acquitted, and the judge, whose charge was thought to be against the prisoner, declared that the longer the case went on, the more confusing the question of the boy's guilt became. Of course, if this was the case, the acquittal was right; for it would have been horrible to convict a boy of sixteen, of quiet habits and with no apparent motive, of butchering an inoffensive fellow-servant within fifteen minutes after meeting him in the course of their ordinary morning's work, unless the proofs were overwhelming.

The case has been much commented on as a striking instance of circumstantial evidence, and the value of such evidence in criminal trials. But it was not, in fact, a case of circumstantial evidence. Such evidence consists in this, that facts which are assumed to have stood around or been attendant on the direct fact are proved, from the existence of which the direct fact may be inferred. That was not this case. There were no such surrounding facts except one—the alleged purchase of the hatchet with which the killing was done—and this fact depended on the direct evidence of two persons who might easily have been mistaken. They swore to the identity of a boy's face, casually seen for a moment under circumstances not likely to attract attention. The production of the boy for identification was very clumsily managed. The fact that the boy bought a hatchet like the one with which the murder was committed, within a few moments before the crime, was, if true, a very damaging circumstance, and would have had great weight if it had been in harmony with the other facts which "stood around" the direct fact to be proved—the brutal killing of the poor clerk Wechsung by a quiet boy who had no grudge against him nor anything to gain by his death. But these two difficulties exist—the circumstance that he bought the hatchet was imperfectly proved by direct evidence, and was disproved by other direct evidence; and the fact attempted to be proved did not fit in with the other facts about which there was no doubt.

It is never safe in capital cases to rely on circumstantial evidence, unless the circumstances themselves are beyond question and the inference of guilt to be drawn from them irresistible. In the Krulisch case the only really controlling circumstance depended on direct testimony, and the other circumstances which were undoubtedly true tended to discredit this testimony.

It was so in the famous Tichborne case. Lady Tichborne swore that the impostor Orton was her son. Her testimony was direct and positive, and it was that of a mother attempting to identify her child. The family solicitor also insisted that Orton was Roger Tichborne. But this direct testimony was of no avail. The actual circumstances—the real facts that surrounded him—marshaled by Chief-justice Cockburn in his masterly charge, overthrew it and convicted the claimant. This celebrated case is now used by text-writers to show that the distinction between "direct" and "circumstantial" evidence is misleading, and that the maxim that the latter should outweigh the former tends to the perversion of justice.

This Krulisch case furnishes another illustration, although the situation is reversed. The circumstances convicted Orton against the direct evidence of Lady Tichborne and her solicitor. They acquit Krulisch against the direct evidence of two witnesses that he bought a weapon like that with which the deed was done. To pursue the comparison, it may be remarked that this humble orphan lad of sixteen, in the sudden ordeal he had to go through, bore himself much better than the notorious claimant, after all his preparation and with all his host of supporters.

TRADE WITH SOUTH AMERICA.

THE recent organization of New York merchants and business men to promote trade with South America is the latest expression of a feeling which was quickened by the report of the South American Commission sent out by President Arthur. That report, and the various newspaper and magazine articles which followed, undoubtedly served to a considerable extent as a means of education. The general public has really known little of South America. Among business men the trade has been limited. A few firms have imported rubber, guano, dye-stuffs, certain woods, hides, copper, and a few other articles, and there have been some exports; but the commerce has been inconsiderable compared with what it should be. For South America has made rapid progress within the past few years. Take, for instance, the Argentine Republic: its progress is phenomenal, greater even than that of the United States. It is receiving larger proportionate accessions by immigration, which is

liberally encouraged by the Government. During 1887 there were 137,426 immigrants, against 93,116 in 1886. With about one-fifteenth of our population, the Argentine Republic received one-fourth as many immigrants. The latest Congress voted an appropriation equal to the passage money of 50,000 persons, to be advanced to European artisans and agriculturists. Railways are being built in all directions, and so much foreign capital is offered that the Government has ceased to give guarantees. New industries, banks and public works are constantly appearing. There seems to be an end of the revolutionary intriguing which has injured the reputation of South American countries, and peace and order are regarded as firmly established. The popular intelligence is steadily advancing; in Buenos Ayres more daily papers are published than in the City of New York. Our own papers and magazines are upon their news-stands, and the people follow our politics with intelligent interest and sympathy.

Here, then, saying nothing of Brazil, Chili and Peru, is a rich field open to American enterprise. It should be promptly entered upon and utilized. Hitherto the Germans, the English and the French have taken the lion's share of South American commerce. Only one-tenth is secured by the United States. It should be so no longer. We should take and hold the field which properly belongs to us. As a preliminary step, American banking facilities should be supplied in all these countries. At present English and German bankers are in a large majority, and they naturally use their power to influence trade in favor of their respective countries. American bankers would help to turn trade toward their own country. Other practical measures, including the establishment of two or more South American steamship lines, and the wide diffusion of information as to American manufactures, should follow. Some of these steps, we believe, are already determined upon, but they have been contemplated before without ever becoming actualities. What is needed is not talk, but action. And that, not to-morrow or next year, but now—to-day.

THE MORMON CONFERENCE.

IT will not avail the Mormons to assemble in a "World's Conference," and clamor for the admission of Utah as one of the States of this Union. No political temptation is great enough to induce the American Congress to confer the powers and privileges of a State upon a hierarchy of Latter Day Saints, recruited mainly from Europe, which not only persists in polygamy against the moral sense of all civilized nations, but maintains an ecclesiastical domination opposed to the spirit of American institutions. Until these two obstacles are removed the home of the Mormons must remain a Territory, so that it may be wholly subject to the national power. That power will be steadily and firmly exercised in the direction of the suppression of the practice of polygamy, and of the limitation of the encroachments of the hierarchy. If they are once clothed with the privileges and immunities of a State, the direction of the forces of society might be readily changed, and then the evils might become too great for any but a violent or revolutionary remedy.

We have had warning enough as to the persistence of the forces which have developed this strange blot upon our soil. It is only half a century since the Mormons were driven from Missouri to Illinois, and but forty years since their prophet was killed in the Carthage Jail, and Brigham Young, with his followers, took up their long march to Salt Lake. There they have intrenched themselves, and defied the power of the United States Government and the moral forces of civilization. Armies have been sent to control them, laws have been enacted to restrain their evil tendencies, and the power of public opinion has been directed against them. And yet their repulsive system remains, and they seem to grow in numbers, in wealth and in power. Slavery and polygamy were denounced as twin relics of barbarism. Slavery, which spread so widely and seemed so firmly rooted, has passed away, but its twin survives, and seems to defy all efforts to exterminate it.

In a trial held a few years ago, it was proved, as a defense to the charge of polygamy under the United States Statute, that the Church believed that the practice of polygamy was enjoined upon the male members by Almighty God, and that the failure to continue it would be punished by damnation in the life to come. It was insisted that, under the Constitution of the United States forbidding Congress to pass a law prohibiting the free exercise of religion, this honest religious belief absolved the defendant. It was overruled in the Territory and in the Supreme Court. Chief-justice Waite declared that polygamy was an offense against society, and that the constitutional provision for religious freedom was never intended to prevent legislation in respect to this most important feature of social life. And he emphatically declared that if such a defense were permitted, the Government would exist only in name, since every man would be a law unto himself.

This decision probably led the way to the very stringent legislation of Congress which is now bearing so hard on the Mormons, and awakening so much indignation and fear amongst them. The existing laws concerning the constitution of juries and the exercise of the voting power seem to be aimed at vital parts, and the end may be approaching, though slowly. But while this steady

process of extermination is going on, the Mormon leaders are seeking a new refuge in a State Government. If once it were attained, and they should intrench themselves there with the skill and persistence they have shown heretofore, the contest might be indefinitely prolonged. It does not seem possible that any considerations of party advantage can lead Members of the Congress of the United States to incur this danger.

LORD DUNRAVEN WANTS THE CUP.

LORD DUNRAVEN'S challenge for the America's cup means a general revival of active interest in yachting. Last year there was no race, and the season dragged a little. But Lord Dunraven's bold effort to capture the cup with the seventy-foot cutter *Valkyrie* will set everybody to "talking boat" again, and the atmosphere of public places and private homes will be heavy with the slang of the sea. Lord Dunraven is known as a British sportsman of the best class, an enthusiastic explorer and hunter, a slayer of big game in our Rocky Mountains as well as a yachtsman. He is a good fellow, but he cannot have the cup. And therefore all the yachtsmen are discussing ways and means of keeping the honored trophy in this country. The question was naturally raised at once whether the *Volunteer*, the victor of 1887, should again defend the cup. Her owner, General Paine, one of the most patriotic and generous of our yachtsmen, will not put the yacht in commission again, and, indeed, it would not be fair that the heavy expense, labor and responsibility of defending the cup should be borne, year after year, by one man. Commodore Bateman, of the New York Yacht Club, proposes that the club buy the *Volunteer* and race her again. Mr. Edward Burgess, who won a world-wide reputation as a yacht-designer by building the successful boats of recent contests, expresses a belief that our big sloops could easily beat the *Valkyrie*, notwithstanding the large time-allowance which must be given, since the *Valkyrie* is comparatively a small boat. He does not regard our third-class sloops of the English yacht's size as fast enough for the race. Curiously enough, he declares that our third-class sloops are not relatively as fast as our first-class. Lord Dunraven's yacht comes within the class which includes boats like the *Shamrock*, *Titania*, *Bedouin* and *Katrina*, and it is believed that the *Valkyrie* could beat any boat of this class. Many yachtsmen object to racing the *Volunteer* on account of her superior size, and think it more sportsmanlike to take a boat of the same class, or to build one. Lord Dunraven very likely believes that this will be done, and he considers that he can certainly beat an old boat and has an equal chance with any new seventy-foot sloop.

Obviously there is a chance for an improvement in our third-class boats, through this race, like that which other races produced in the first-class. It is to be hoped that this may be the case. The details of the race are yet under discussion by the New York Yacht Club, but the challenge having been accepted, these will no doubt soon be adjusted. Lord Dunraven proposes that the races be sailed the first week in October, and as experience has shown that the inside course is often too calm, he suggests that all the races be sailed outside, from the Scotland Light-ship. He has frankly furnished the measurements of his boat, and there can hardly be any question of concealment or "jockeying." American sportsmen will hope that we may beat Dunraven with a new boat of the *Valkyrie*'s own class, thus adding new lustre to our championship honors. Moreover, it will be hoped that Dunraven may receive the treatment due a gallant sportsman when he comes. Let us have no more newspaper imputing of motives, or sneak-thief prying into the visitor's affairs, or smart blackguardism because impatient questions are left unanswered.

THE HOUSE FRANGIBLE.

THE vice of our social life, and the consequent characteristic of American journalism, is the vice of personality. Originating, as is often affirmed, in the gregarious instincts of human sympathy, it has developed into the most anti-sympathetic, insatiable enmity, a pitiless, apparently irresponsible inquisition, which tortures and destroys the best things of life—the sacred things of home, the treasures of individual reserve and peace. This condition seems to have come about without our knowing it—i.e., without giving us pause. There has been plenty of indolent recognition, and some occasional strenuous remonstrance, but, practically, acquiescence has been the rule.

Recently, however, a note has been struck which makes the whole chord of the controversy ring with the insistence of an arresting cry—a cry which compels us to stop and listen. This note was sounded in a striking letter published by one of our contemporaries. Because we do not always see that a thing is epochal at the time it happens does not prevent its being so, and this letter is an epochal document. Its predecessors—and they have not been so few—have lacked something in substance or manner necessary to make a protest completely impressive. This lacks in nothing. It is the letter of a lady, and is womanly and dignified at all points. Its complaint is clearly stated, and with just so much incisiveness as most appropriately and memorably expresses the sense of outrage which has constrained her to speech. It constitutes a direct and conclusive indictment of journalism, preferred not from the personal stand-point only, but in the interests of individual rights, the interests of general morality, and of the good repute of journalism itself. It is the right word from the right source, spoken at the right time, when the press seems really to have taken the bit between its teeth in this matter of personal license. The following quotation is the summary of the indictment:

"The question I would put is this—and I put it first to the editors of respectable journals, and next to the public which reads such journals:

"Is it, or is it not, of consequence that a statement published and copied all over the United States is untrue in every word and detail? Does it, or does it not, matter in the least that a man or a woman who has done honest and respectable work should on that account feel that his or her character, good taste and good manners may be impugned at so much a line in any newspaper? Does it not matter that such an individual cannot live a life so simple, so secluded and so well-meaning as to escape the most grotesque misrepresentation? I ask these questions not only for myself, but for a number of modest, respectable persons who have had the misfortune to write a popular book or play, or to occupy a prominent position. They are questions I have heard discussed with strong feeling by such people, who have all agreed that they present a serious problem it is time to face practically. When an article is presented at an editorial office, is its truth or untruth, its justice or patent malignity, entirely indifferent to the purchaser? Will some journalist of established reputation answer this question? I put it with all modesty and respect for journalism."

So far as we know, this invitation has not been accepted. Can it be supposed that, in the sense which the letter-writer implies, there are no respectable journals? Probably much reconstruction of the house editorial and of the fabric social is requisite to the

making of any adequate response. Meanwhile, we are disposed to retire to our own particular sanctum, and ask ourselves whether there is really no distinction between criticism and impertinence, between reportorial work and scandal-mongering; whether the kindly truth cannot be searched out and served up with as pleasant a savor and to as much pecuniary profit as the useless and altogether vicious lie; and whether there is any reason why one who, as a private individual, is instinctively gentlemanly and veracious, should of necessity turn into a lying cad the moment he enters the editorial den; and whether the decency or degeneracy of the American press is, even to stockholders, solely a matter of dollars and cents!

Are we not in danger of forgetting that it is the province of criticism to be impersonal, except when its responsibilities to individual or society clearly require a different course, and that then the personality should be rigidly just; that fault-finding is legitimate only when it is reformative, not merely penal? Is not the reporter's true province that of a chronicler who, by his good taste, right feeling and balanced discrimination in his statement of facts—touching foibles or defects, if for good reason he cannot pass them by, with little golden lights of courteous interpretation—helps us to a better understanding of and truer interest in one another? Are we so ill-natured and demoralized that such reporting would not pay?

If, for instance, it could happen that a newly inaugurated President and his wife, after the tense excitement and weariness of the inaugural ceremonies, should, on arriving at the White House, find no one there to bid them welcome home; the house gloomy and cold, no food in the larder, no fire in the grate, and such domestic as stay on hire to the premises lying about in a condition between drunken slumber and drunken brawl—this would be a thing to force in all its disgraceful details upon public attention, and with such insistence that it would never need doing again. But if a beautiful and gifted lady, who has met every demand of the most exacting position incident to our form of Government with consummate graciousness and tact, should under such a strain have unconsciously acquired some little trick of manner, ought it to be published all over the country? Are we so good-natured, is our morality so high and our repute so stable, that we can afford such reporting as this?

THE WHITE HOUSE.

IT has always been a matter of surprise to those who visit Washington for the first time to find the President's house established on what must have been originally a more or less pestilential swamp. The selection of the site may have been due to one of several causes. It may have been a job in real estate, for such things were known in the early days; or it may have been the choice of a severely democratic mind, to which hills were suggestive of monarchy and feudalism; or, most probably, the unhealthy surroundings of the Presidential mansion were intended to teach the same lesson to its inmate which the Roman conqueror, in his hour of triumph, heard in the warning whisper of the slave that rode behind him: "Remember that thou art a man."

There could, indeed, be no more potent reminder of mortality than the insidious poison which has made its presence known in the White House, almost from the very beginning; and it is beyond the power of sanitary engineering and architecture to make the place a fit habitation.

This is a matter of national concern, and it calls for speedy action. The building is unhealthy, insufficient and ill-arranged, and it stands in a part of the city in which no one able to choose for himself would build a residence for his family. The objections to giving it up are two, both sentimental and specious; it is said to have an air of republican simplicity, and it is full of historical associations. If historical association is decisive in such a question as the choice of a house, Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, ought to be the Presidential mansion; or if simplicity is the one thing desirable, put the President in a wooden barn, with a plow before the door.

There is no reason why the nation should not insist upon lodging its Chief Magistrate in a stately, well-built house, amply furnished with all the comforts and appliances now indispensable to civilized men, and situated on one of the many noble eminences in the district, with broad spaces and a wide horizon and a pure air about and around it. Republican simplicity has nothing in common with bad drainage and miasma, nor yet with poverty of design and mean architecture. The noblest effects are the result of grand lines and severe proportions, and that is real republican simplicity which will be contented with nothing less than these for the President's house.

All men, of whatever party, should be at one in a matter that touches so nearly the sound feeling of national dignity.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SPECTACLE.

LEGISLATIVE lobbies have furnished many extraordinary spectacles, but rarely one more curious than that lately witnessed at Hartford, Conn., where the sister of a convicted murderer has been lobbying for him at the bar of the House. The story of the crime furnished no palliating circumstances. A man named Swift, a worthless drunkard, persuaded a respectable girl to marry him, forced her to work, lived upon her earnings, and abused her until she was obliged to leave him. Thereupon he coolly prepared to kill her. At various times, and on the very day of the murder, he declared his intention of killing her, and finally shot her from behind as she was returning from work, chasing her through the streets and deliberately firing until she fell dead. The defense of insanity was a complete failure, and his sentence was reaffirmed by the highest court of the State. But his sister, a school-teacher, who had formerly refused to associate with him, came to his aid in time of trouble in true womanly fashion. It was decided to appeal to the Legislature and secure the adoption of a resolution commuting the sentence to imprisonment for life. This, strangely enough, was passed in the Senate by a two-thirds vote, and in the House by a bare majority of 5 in a poll of 221. It is stated that "the result was achieved in each case by the prayers and tears of the devoted sister, who stood at the bar and begged all whom she could reach for her brother's life." Governor Bulkeley naturally vetoed the Bill, on the unassailable ground that no new evidence had been presented since the trial, nor any mitigating circumstances, to justify the interference of the Legislature. The Senate passed the Bill over this veto, but the House finally came to its senses, and the Bill was defeated.

This is an extraordinary performance. Mere sentiment, reinforced by a woman's tears, has caused the legislators of a State to override the law which they are supposed to make and maintain. This particular case is of little account, but the real question is whether a violation of the highest law, involving life or death, shall be taken from the judicial atmosphere of the court-room to a legislative lobby, and be decided in the confusion of a legislative assembly by the influence of a woman's tears and pleadings. In other words, is the lobby to be allowed to interfere in the administration of justice, and are the entreaties of one woman to outweigh

the brutal murder of another and the tears and suffering of hundreds of others exposed to drunken brutes who are kept only by fear of the law from giving their passions free rein and expression?

DISMEMBERING A KINGDOM.

THE long career of William III. of Holland is drawing to a close. He has been declared mentally incapable of reigning, and Queen Emma becomes Regent, to act during the minority of her daughter, Wilhelmina, the heir to the throne. But it is not only the forty-years reign of the present monarch that has come to an end. On his death the first step will be taken in the work of dismembering the kingdom of which he has been the head. By its organic law the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg cannot be ruled by a woman, and it will be governed hereafter by the Duke of Nassau, who, despite the fact that the Prussians robbed him of his duchy in 1866, has made his peace with the powers that be, and is now a *persona grata* at the Court of Berlin.

Thus the Crown of Holland loses the first of its dependencies. Luxemburg is only a little principality, and its population is less than a quarter of a million; but it has belonged to Holland since the Continent was remodeled, after the battle of Waterloo, and its passing under German influence is significant since, unless all current reports are untrustworthy, the ambitious Bismarck proposes adding the Netherlands to the already broad dominions of the Kaiser, that the Rhine may flow through German territory to the sea. It must not be understood, however, that the Iron Chancellor is credited, by those who assume to see through his ambitious designs, with any openly hostile pretensions. He is not a man of war, as he has often assured mankind, but an apostle of peace, and is no doubt honest in the belief that more is to be gained in the end by skilled diplomacy than by a resort to force. In the present case he is said to contemplate a far more agreeable method of achieving his ends than either—marriage. It is by uniting the young princess in wedlock with some German prince that the wily Bismarck proposes to take the first step in the work of annexation. The others, he anticipates, will follow naturally and in due time.

Of course, in thus planning for the further aggrandizement of the Fatherland, its Prime Minister must be aware that he will have to encounter the opposition of the Dutch themselves. And this, while it will no doubt be overpowered in the end, is none the less persistent and bitter. There is probably no nationality less popular in Holland than the German, and for the reason that the patriotic burghers are quite well aware of the conspiracy that is afoot to rob them of their inheritance that has been reclaimed, at the cost of so much labor, from the sea. The Dutch have a glorious history, and do not propose to submit to the "grabbing-up" process without an earnest protest. Will their efforts prove powerless, and is the haughty Prussian destined to extend his rule over the well-diked plains that have long been the home of a race of sturdy patriots? These are the interesting questions to which the near future will probably furnish a reply.

We are glad to hear that the statement, made by us recently, that Judge Granger, formerly of the Ohio Supreme Bench, was lobbying for the position of Associate-justice of the Supreme Court, was not warranted by the facts. Judge Granger's name and qualifications have been brought to the attention of the President by his professional friends, but he has taken no part in the movement in his behalf, and there does not seem to have been any justification whatever for the uncharitable remarks indulged in by some Washington correspondents concerning his alleged candidacy.

A BROKEN-DOWN old man killed himself in despair the other day, and his body was found in Central Park. He had been broken down by persecution and poverty. "I am tired of living," he said in the letter which he left; "I have made application for work, but was refused because I did not belong to the Knights of Labor, who are wholly responsible for this act of mine." He was an old soldier, a member of the Grand Army, but his services to his country counted for nothing because he had not sworn allegiance to a despotic, un-American organization which has bullied employers and workmen until many of them have become its slaves. It is a pitiful story, but only one of many.

In a recent interview, General Greely, Chief of the Signal Service Bureau, said that in the matter of weather predictions the public "expected too much." Ten years ago, he said, the making of an accurate weather prediction was cause for surprise and wonder. He might have added that a correct prediction occasions just as much surprise to-day as it did a decade ago. As a matter of fact, there were fewer absolute failures in the days of General Myer, the founder of the system, than disfigure the present administration of the Bureau. It is high time that the service should be reorganized, either on the plan suggested by General Greely, who does not seem to be altogether responsible for the present condition of affairs, or on some other practically scientific basis.

BEES in a clover-field are invisible atoms compared with the would-be settlers buzzing around Oklahoma these fine Spring days. With an assurance that makes the Government doubly sure of their intentions, each man has fixed on a spot in that vast wilderness which he would like to call his own, and the thing that lends complications to this scene of laudable ambition is that at least four other men have chosen the same quarter-section. There will, without a doubt, be trouble in Oklahoma within the week, and there will probably be many a man who will read with a sigh the motto on his court-plaster case that "a friend in need is a friend indeed." Then, after it is all over, and Oklahoma is a prosperous State, the men who succeed in getting their land will be known as worthy pioneer citizens, and those who don't, as "riotous squatters." Such is the penalty of misdirected enterprise, and the reward of getting there first.

JUST now, when the tadpoles are wondering what in the wide world is happening to them, and the Balm-of-Gilead tree is in full bud, New York society is learning two great big truths. It is now aware for the first time that the mere fact of her having been for three years the wife of the first man of the land, and her being charming and bright withal, is not to militate against Mrs. Cleveland's reception by fashionable folk who have never before had the pleasure of her acquaintance. With peace in her soul, in some exquisite new gowns, with the ever-ready dimples deeper than usual in her cheek, Mrs. Cleveland is basking in the sunshine of gayly lighted drawing-rooms, a much-admired young matron. To counterbalance this new acquisition of society has come the stunning news that the Centennial Ball is to be a thoroughly democratic and American affair, and not, as had been hoped, a sort of Senior Patriarch. This has brought about a most trying situation, for which

but one relief seems truly open. What is there in the book of etiquette of these much-tried souls to prevent Mr. McAllister's arranging at Delmonico's, or some other convenient spot, a nice little ball all of their own, with not a single vulgar soul to look on and make invidious remarks? There is not the slightest doubt but what, if suitable pressure were brought to bear, the presence of the national party, including Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Morton, might be secured after the other affair should be over. There might, it is true, be to this ball something of the air of a Dundreary flocking all by himself, but it seems positively the only course open by which that first quadrille can be anything like the original estimate.

THAT furry-legged old spider whose iron web is over the heads of New York city is now sitting up o' nights weaving a golden mesh wherein to catch our covetous Conscript Fathers. Instead of being properly shocked by the memorable downfall of Mr. Jaehne, and warned by the place to which he has gone, the controlling spirit of our "allow transit" system simply runs over in his mind the "conscience he has met," and takes heart of courage from District Attorney Fellows's admission that "there's no use in trying to convict boddlers now!" With that he winks at our aldermanic saints, slaps his trousers-pocket, points toward Albany, and with a smile on his face, turns toward the statue of the blind old girl with the good figure on top of City-hall, and softly lays his finger alongside of his nose. In this connection it may be interesting to remark that already has a resolution been framed and sent whizzing along a well-soaped track toward Albany, petitioning the interference of the Legislature to the end of granting to the Manhattan Elevated Road "such additional powers as will permit them to develop their system of railroads to meet the present necessities of the public for additional means of transportation." Oh, verily, verily, there is vast need of chloride of lime in Denmark!

An interesting report on the result of Government experiments in making sugar from sorghum during the past year has just been made. These have been carried on in New Jersey and in Kansas. Those in the former State, extending over a period of two years, have established the fact that the manufacture of sugar on a small scale can never be commercially successful. The experiments in the West prove that while Southern and Western Kansas possess the best soil and climate for sorghum culture, all indications unite in locating the future centre of the sugar industry in the Indian Territory. A manufacturing season of at least sixty days is one of the conditions of success, and water and fuel must be readily accessible and cheap. Recent experiments show a strong probability that the refuse chips of the cane may be used for fuel. Factories—which should be in close proximity to the fields to save transportation—capable of working two hundred tons of cane a day may be built and furnished with a complete outfit for from \$60,000 to \$100,000. The latest experiments show that one hundred and ninety-four pounds of sugar may be made from a ton of cane. As France has, through the cultivation of the sugar-beet, made herself practically independent of foreign importations, it is not improbable that the sorghum industry may in the future play an important part in supplying our own demand for saccharine substances.

It is now two years since the Kansas Legislature passed, and the Governor approved, an Act empowering women to vote in certain cities of the State for school officers, or in elections held to authorize the issuance of bonds for school purposes, providing they possessed the same qualifications as male voters. The same Act also provided that "any woman possessing the qualifications prescribed for men shall be eligible to any office in such cities." At the first election held after the passage of the law, 23,587 women availed themselves of the liberty granted by its provisions. In 1888, when only minor offices were to be filled, this number was reduced to 15,228; but in the elections that occurred during the last week in March of the present year it is estimated—the official figures not having yet been compiled—that not far from 40,000 women voted. In Topeka alone 2,300 exercised the new right, and in Leavenworth, Wichita, Atchison, Fort Scott, and many smaller towns, the number of voters far exceeded those of the first election in 1887. Nor is this all. The clause allowing women to fill municipal offices has, in several cases, been taken advantage of. In two small towns the entire government has just been consigned to the hands of women, while another has been governed by the "weaker sex" for the past two years, and with such success that the new officials have this Spring been re-elected. But while women have thus been granted the boon which many of them have so long sought, they have not yet succeeded in introducing any startling reforms in the methods of canvassing and electioneering. Indeed, the new voters seem to take quite kindly to the time-honored "dodges" of the voting-booths, as we see them practiced at the East, and accounts of the recent elections show that they resorted generally to the stereotyped devices for attracting reluctant citizens to the polls.

In spite of the good beginnings in naval work made by Mr. Whitney, and in spite of Secretary Tracy's business-like purpose, the service suffers from red-tape in the bureaus and the half-hearted methods in the navy-yards. Mr. Whitney was hampered by naval rings, by fussy red-tape methods and all manner of persistent opposition to energetic measures, and Secretary Tracy is finding out that the Navy Department is the home of conservatism. Whenever there is an occasion for rushing work, something comes up which causes weeks or months of inactivity. A gun must be waited for to complete a battery, or a traveling-crane is needed, or a defect in the plans is discovered, or a flaw is found in a forging, or a canal-boat is left to swing around and break a hole in a Government vessel, or, as in the *Pensacola's* case, the sea-valves are left open and the vessel sinks in the dry-dock. And if everything fails, it is found that the appropriations are exhausted. Yet for six years Congress has made liberal appropriations for the Navy, with the result that there are fewer vessels in commission to-day than six years ago. The reason seems to be that the conduct of affairs is in a rut, and old-time, faulty methods and customs handed down from past generations still prevail in the various bureaus. Adherence to "the regular routine" is responsible for a multitude of delays and no slight expense. Each bureau is jealous of its prerogatives. Each chief demands that every document shall go from hand to hand, from pigeon-hole to pigeon-hole, in the approved regular order, and the idea of alert business methods would throw these respectable fogies into fits. Nevertheless, it is true, as one writer has predicted, that liberality, energy and business management will win in the end. Mr. Whitney infused new life into the department. Secretary Tracy recently made the fossils quake by the innovation of sending the *Charleston* to sea with a full battery of six-inch guns, since her two eight-inch guns were behind-time. By all means let him keep on as he has commenced until the whole bureaucratic system is destroyed.

Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 171.



ITALY.—EDMONDO DI AMICIS, THE EMINENT AUTHOR AND TRAVELER.



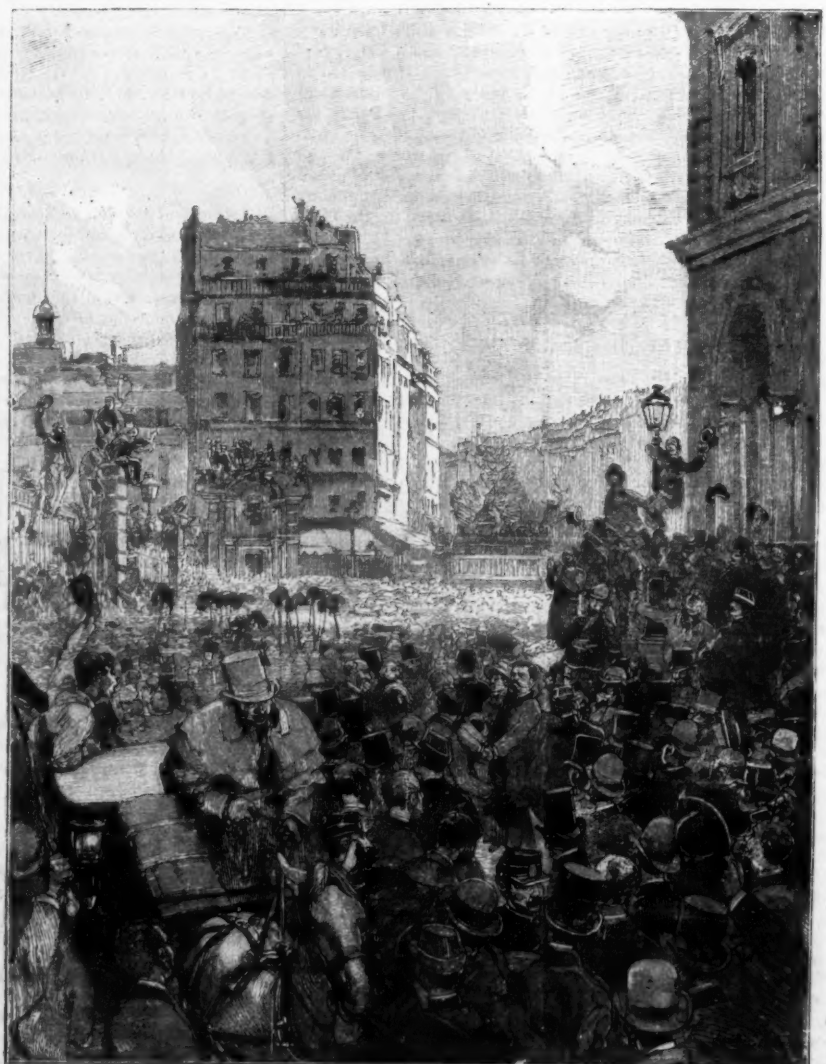
ENGLAND.—"ONE ASH," THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE JOHN BRIGHT, AT ROCHDALE.



SPAIN.—SAN SEBASTIAN, SCENE OF THE RECENT MEETING OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND AND SPAIN.



ITALY.—PREMIER CRISPI AT THE FÊTE OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, IN THE FARNESE PALACE, ROME.



FRANCE.—RECEPTION, AT PARIS, OF M. ANTOINE, LATE DEPUTY FROM METZ TO THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT.

HON. JOHN T. ABBOTT,

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO COLOMBIA, SOUTH AMERICA.

JOHN T. ABBOTT, who has been appointed United States Minister to the United States of Colombia, S. A., was born in Andover, N. H., April 26th, 1850, and is the only child of Rev. Stephen G. Abbott, now of Swanzey, his mother being Sarah B. Cheney, the sister of ex-Governor P. C. Cheney and of Rev. O. B. Cheney, D.D., President of Bates College. His youth was spent in New Hampshire and Vermont. He received his early academic education at New London Literary and Scientific Institution and at Kimball Union Academy, and took his collegiate course at Bates College, Lewiston, Me., from which institution he was graduated in 1871. Choosing the law for his profession, he entered the office of J. L. Springer, Esq., of Lebanon, but completed his studies with ex-Congressman (now Judge) F. D. Ely, of Boston, and was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar in 1875. He practiced his profession in Boston and Springfield, Mass. In 1878 the firm of which he was a member removed to Keene, where they have achieved an enviable reputation and built up a successful practice. Mr. Abbott has always been deeply interested in the welfare of the City of Keene, and identified himself with all efforts for its moral and material advancement. He was the City Solicitor for nine years, and per-



NEW HAMPSHIRE.—HON. JOHN T. ABBOTT, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO COLOMBIA.

PHOTO. BY WHITE.

formed the duties with credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the public. He declined a reappointment something more than a year ago, upon his departure to Colombia upon business, where he resided some nine months, in the Department of Antioquia. While there he formed a strong attachment for the people,



NEW YORK.—MISS DELL THOMPSON, THE DISTINGUISHED DRAMATIC READER.—SEE PAGE 171.

the country and the language. This is one fact which renders his appointment eminently appropriate; but, in addition to this, his well-known faithfulness to trust, his attention to duty and his marked executive ability leave no room for doubt in the minds of his friends that his appointment to this responsible position will prove one of the most fortunate made by the President.

CORNELIUS VAN COTT,

POSTMASTER OF NEW YORK CITY.

IN the selection of Mr. Cornelius Van Cott for Postmaster of New York city, President Harrison seems to have satisfied everybody but the "celestial Mugwumps." Republican and Democratic journals unite in declaring that the appointment is likely to secure an efficient and business-like administration of this important office.

Mr. Van Cott is a native of this city, and has never lived elsewhere. He was born in 1838, and after receiving a common-school education, learned the trade of a type-setter. Subsequently he entered a large carriage-building establishment, and acquired that trade as well. Becoming active in politics, he was appointed, during President Lincoln's Administration, Inspector of Customs at this

port, by Collector Barney—ex-Postmaster-general James being assigned to the like service about the same time. This position Mr. Van Cott presently abandoned to enter the insurance business, with which he has ever since been connected. He is an officer of two city insurance companies, and is also a trustee in the East Side Savings Bank. He was for many years an active fireman, and his services in that department were recognized by Mayor Havemeyer, in 1873, who appointed him a Fire Commissioner. He was reappointed by Mayor Cooper, and during his second term was twice elected President of the Board. In 1887 Mr. Van Cott was elected Senator from the Eighth District. He has served with credit, being one of the members of the Senate Committee that investigated the irregularities connected with the construction of the new aqueduct. He is the President of the Lincoln Club and a member of the Republican State Committee, and during the last campaign was an efficient member of the County Committee.

In a recent interview, Mr. Van Cott said, as to his proposed policy as Postmaster: "The Post-office will be run on sound business principles, and nothing will be done or left undone in its management to interfere with the proper carrying out of this idea. It is a position of great responsibility, but I shall do my best to make a success of it. I propose to run the office myself—not delegate its management to any one. If there are complaints, I want them brought to me, not left with subordinates. In all the public



NEW YORK CITY.—CORNELIUS VAN COTT, THE NEW POSTMASTER.

PHOTO. BY NOTMAN.

positions I have had the honor to fill, I have never forgotten that I was a servant of the people, and that their interests must always be paramount in my mind. There will be no attempt to evade any law; neither shall it be forgotten that this was a Republican Administration."



PREPARING TO ENTER THE PROMISED LAND.—A VIEW OF THE BOOMERS' CAMP NEAR PURCELL, I. T., AS SEEN FROM THE PATROL-POST ON THE OKLAHOMA SHORE.—FROM A PHOTO. BY C. E. DE GROFF.—SEE PAGE 171.

AT LOVE'S DOOR.

RISE, thou that sittest sighing at Love's door,
Nor play the suppliant, as if by prayer
Thy claims had been unrecognized before.
For his own kingdom Love may not implore
With thrills of hope, or tremors of despair.
Love nothing has to ask, but all to share;
Love giveth love and takes nor less, nor more.

Lo, all-possessing, Love disdains to sue,
And all-bestowing, Love has naught to plead.
And why should Love make promise to be true,
When Love can better prove his truth in deed?
Shall Love who hath the work of gods to do
Blow amorous ditties on a piping reed?

A. L. M.

A HOSPITAL COVERLET.

WARD NO. 9 was to any casual inspection precisely like the other nineteen with which it formed the General Hospital of Jeffersonville, Indiana. It was clean, and the long rows of cots on each side of the wards were always in order. But whatever the necessity for it, its uniformity was a little trying. The meals were served to the minute, and the food was never known to vary in kind or quality. This even extended to the sourness of the bread, the hairs in the hash and the flies in the soup.

After a stay of six weeks, Fred Raymond, of Company B, —th Minnesota, began to find it a little monotonous. Not meaning to be ungrateful for the uniform kindness of his treatment here, he began to long for a little more variety. It seemed to him as though he had about exhausted the simple pleasures that the hospital had to offer. He had read several of the memoirs of great and good men, which formed the bulk of reading matter; and these, too, he had found singularly alike. Even the interest and pleasure to be had from a perusal of Baxter's "Saint's Rest" failed after a single reading.

Many of his comrades had a never-failing resource in writing letters to friends, which was not open to Fred Raymond, for reasons that will presently appear. After debating the matter in his mind for a few days, he finally ventured on a course which might greatly relieve the tedium of his enforced leisure, which was likely to last a few weeks longer. At sometime during his stay there had been received from the North a considerable supply of hospital-stores—shirts and drawers of all shapes and sizes, with openings made to fit all sorts of men with all sorts of wounds. Upon trial, of course, none of them were ever found quite adapted to any particular case, but by cutting open here and sewing up there, they did very well, especially as the weather was warm. Among other things received were a number of sheets and coverlets for the beds. These, although generally plain, were not quite uniform, and introduced the only bit of novelty to be seen anywhere in the hospital. It happened that the coverlet which fell to Fred Raymond had been made by the young ladies of one of the churches in B—, Ohio, and many of them had written their names and addresses on the blocks. He had studied these over until he not only knew them all by heart, but had formed a pretty distinct conception of the young ladies themselves. There was more character and individuality in the handwriting than one would have supposed, considering the difficulty of tracing letters on cloth. He was not the least bit of a ladies' man, or one who would think of answering an advertisement for correspondence—"object, fun and amusement." But then, these names and addresses seemed to say to him that he might write if he chose. One of these names had struck him as very pretty, and the handwriting was indeed neat. He had amused himself with picturing the writer to himself many times, until he felt partially acquainted. To her, therefore, he would indite a very general letter, and if she chose to reply and a correspondence grew out of it, it would give new interest to the days that must yet be passed before he could return to his regiment. His letter, addressed to Miss Lillie Meline, was not an eloquent epistle; it simply told the story of the writer's loneliness, the gratitude of himself and comrades for the interest shown in the comfort of the Union soldiers, and the satisfaction it would give the inmates of the hospital if "any of the young ladies should feel at liberty to relieve the dullness of their life by an occasional letter."

It was not long before he received a reply in a handwriting which he promptly identified. He was more excited when he opened the envelope than he had been for a long time, and far more than he had supposed he could be over a letter from a stranger. Like his own, it was a very simple epistle. "The girls were delighted," it said, "to know that their work had done some good. The soldiers deserved everything," and so on, "and if he cared to hear from her, why, she would write, although she was only a school-girl." And then, asking that he would tell something about himself, she signed her name, Lillie Meline. There was this P. S.: "What is the number of your regiment?"

Surely this sort of correspondence was sufficiently mild. Neither party to it had the intention to begin anything like a flirtation by mail. Indeed, Lillie had purposely conveyed the impression that she was very young, so that there might be no temptation on Fred's part to change the scope of his letters. She was a school-girl, eighteen years of age, home now for her vacation. As she had meant, he got the impression that she was much younger, a mere slip of a girl. That was just the thing. He could write freely about himself to amuse her, and her letters and her sympathy would be none the less pleasant because of her youth.

Now, I am bound to confess that the correspondence which followed was not in any way very remarkable. In looking it over, I have been, perhaps, as much interested in the handwriting, the

faded letters, the dates, as in the little glimpses of personal history and character which it reveals. It does not greatly concern our story to follow it. Rapidly it changed, both as to form and substance. It came to be "My Dear Miss Lillie" and "Dear Mr. Raymond." It was no longer general and formal, but personal and sympathetic. Had they fallen in love with each other? That would have been very absurd in him, seeing that she was only a little girl, as he supposed. Can people who have never seen each other really fall in love?

II.

CAN people fall in love with each other through the medium of letters alone? What is that process through which we have most of us gone—some of us, despite the poets and novelists, many times? Is it not in all cases the ideal conception which we have, rather than the person to whom we attribute it? Two elements always enter into this ideal. The one is the physical perfectness of the beloved object. Beauty of form or feature, grace in action, manly strength—these are what we see. But so blind are we, that anything short of monstrosity may, under some circumstances, strangely delude us. Certain mental and moral qualities must also always seem to be present, and here the chances are that a truer conception may be gained by correspondence than by personal interviews. In any case, the conception is likely to be wrong. The physical ideal might, of course, be so grossly absurd that it would utterly and instantly disappear upon acquaintance. The other may also disappear, but much more slowly, fading gradually through long years.

So, while neither had intended it, and as yet were unaware of it, they had entered upon a state when only a touch is needed to change their warm personal interest into the deepest and tenderest passion. Thus a few weeks passed, and Raymond was permitted to join his regiment.

But while he had only sought to lighten the weariness of hospital life in the beginning, he now found these letters none the less adapted to the brightening of camp life, and they were still continued. But as his regiment was often on the move and the mails were uncertain, they were less frequent and regular. With the battle of Chickamauga they came to an abrupt end. Lillie's letters were returned, with the sad intelligence that Raymond had been killed in battle. If she had heretofore deceived herself with regard to her interest in this soldier whom she had never seen, she did so now no longer. It was in the spirit of widowhood that she mourned her dead hero and king of men. Foolish it may have been, and unreasonable, but when has love reasoned? Nor was this loss alone. Peace has its vicissitudes and its tragedies, as well as war. Her father sickened and died. The mother had gone years before. Overwhelmed with her sorrows, Lillie went to live with an aunt, in a neighboring State. Her father had once been well-to-do, but had lost his property, and there was but little left. Until the estate was settled that little was not available. She did not want to feel dependent on her relatives, and so engaged in teaching in the village. She often thought of offering herself as a nurse, but now she felt quite unequal to the work. With a good constitution, a lively disposition, and in perfect health when troubles came upon her, she now grew listless, thoughtful and sad. Thus had the gold become dime.

Raymond was not killed. A shell had burst near his head, and the tremendous concussion had felled him to the earth, where he lay a long time unconscious. None of the fragments of the shell had touched him. When he finally recovered his senses so far as to sit up, he looked around, bewildered. He only partially recalled what had occurred. The battle had ebbed away, but the thunder raged and roared in the distance. A blind instinct led him to try to regain his regiment. He stood up dizzily at last, and with his musket for a support started in the direction of the firing. He had no idea of his bearings, and did not know that his regiment and the whole line had fallen back, and he soon ran into a group of Confederates and was captured.

The accident was more serious than the reader might be led to suppose. With care, rest and good food, he would probably at no distant day have regained his former condition. As it was, while he soon recovered his physical health in part, it left him in a curious mental state. The past had at first been entirely blotted out. Little by little he recovered its experiences, but he could not for a long time recall names. Months of imprisonment followed, filled with suffering, privation and starvation, until there was little left of him, mentally or physically. At last he managed to escape, and after incredible hardships reached the Union lines more dead than alive. And now another hospital experience followed, lightened by no correspondence, for he could not remember Lillie's name or address—he had, of course, lost all letters—and the more he tried to remember, the more hopeless seemed the attempt. Finally, he gave it up altogether. At last he reached his regiment again, greatly to the astonishment of his comrades, but not to see much more service. The three years for which the men had enlisted were about to expire, and although the Government gave them the inestimable privilege of re-enlisting as veterans, most of the "boys" decided that they would first go to their homes.

Early one morning, therefore, in the Autumn of 1864, the cars brought them to the little town of H—. They had no rations, and were hungry. Arrangements had been made for their breakfast at a larger place on the road a little farther along, but for some reason they were delayed several hours here. Naturally they began to spread about the little village, and the citizens bestirred themselves to do the best they could under the circumstances. Without preparation or concert, their efforts were not very systematic, but they were hearty. The groceries, restaurants and hotels were taxed to their utmost. Raymond was walk-

ing through the little town, looking for the chance of breakfast, but not seeing how he could exactly press himself upon those citizens who already seemed much overcrowded.

As he was passing a modest cottage on a side street a middle-aged lady, standing in the yard, and holding a child by the hand, addressed him: "Soldier!"

He turned and brought his hand to the visor of his cap as though it was a superior officer, instead of a superior being, he saluted.

"Did you speak, ma'am?"

"Have you had breakfast?" she said.

He said that he had not yet had that pleasure.

"Come in, then," she returned. "Ours is just ready."

He looked at his hands and his clothes with some anxiety. It was three years since he had eaten a really civilized meal, and his ambition now did not extend beyond a slice of bread and meat. Perceiving the kindness of the intention, however, he accepted the invitation.

Opposite him at the table sat a young lady dressed in black, whom the hostess spoke of, in a half-introduction, as her niece. His own name was not asked. There was something in the air and manner of this young lady, even more than in her dress, suggesting some recent great sorrow. She did not hold herself out as a wretched being whose only refuge is the grave. She was not gloomy or woe-begone. She listened politely to the conversation, taking little part, except now and then to ask a question, which finally brought the young man to speak something of his experiences. She was attentive, while she was somewhat thoughtful and sad. As he went on he noticed that her interest deepened, and once, as he looked up, he was surprised and a little startled at the intenseness of her look. When he spoke of Chickamauga her pallor deepened so visibly that her aunt asked suddenly if she were ill. She regained her composure in a moment, and said she was quite well. Still her voice was very low, with a slight tremor in it, as she asked the number of his regiment, and she turned white as he gave it.

The next question came slowly. She struggled hard to control her voice, which vibrated painfully, and sank almost to a whisper:

"Did you know—Fred Raymond, of Company B?"

It was his turn now to be astonished. Who was this who asked so unimportant a question with such a tragic air, and who waited the answer as though life or death might hinge upon it? The aunt looked from the one to the other in open-mouthed wonder.

"I am Fred Raymond," he faltered.

But before he had said it she saw the answer in his face, and slipped to the floor.

He held her head while the aunt ran for the smelling-salts. It was not the right thing to do in a case of fainting, but few people ever do treat such a case properly. He had never, in all his life, had a young lady's head on his arm, and was awkward and excited. He thought rapidly, but could not understand the situation. He remembered his correspondent, and, curiously enough, at this moment the name came like a flash. But this was not the town where she lived, and this was not the young girl he had pictured.

"Who is this young lady?" he asked.

"My niece, Miss Meline."

"Meline? Lillie?" he gasped.

"In the name of wonder," said the aunt, "what does all this mean? Were you acquainted with her?"

"Yes—no—I believe so," he answered, rather obscurely. "I will explain by and by."

Miss Meline soon recovered, in spite of the unphysiological treatment. She looked at her aunt to see whether any further revelation had taken place. Her embarrassment was extreme, and the pallor in her cheeks gave way to a bright crimson.

"I was sick," she apologized, forgetting that she had once denied it.

He was also much agitated, and exceedingly doubtful as to what he ought to do or say. She was about to leave the room with her aunt, when he spoke.

"Miss Meline"—and she saw that the secret was out—"I don't know at all what to say. I don't know anything at all about the customs of society. I have never had anything to do with young ladies in my life except my correspondence with you. My accident at Chickamauga affected my brain for a long time, so that I could not remember. Perhaps now I have gone quite crazy. It is too absurd, I know, but I cannot go now without saying more—if you will hear it."

He paused a moment, but she did not forbid it, and he went on:

"I do not know how to explain it. Either from the effect of that shell, or from the weakness and half-starvation that followed, I was never able to remember your name; though you don't know how hard I tried to think, and how much I should have liked to hear from you again. All this time I thought you were a little girl. But now, if I die for it, I must say it—I love you, dear Miss Lillie."

He did not die for it. She took a step nearer, held out her hand, and then leaned her pretty head on his shoulder.

"It is all so sudden," she murmured; "but—" and she nestled closer, and with a sort of sob she added: "And all this time I thought you were dead."

CHINA AND COREA.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE COREAN KING'S ADVISER.

Editor FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:

The pictures presented in your issue of November 24th last "From Far Corea" are quite correct. But in the first and second paragraphs of your comments on the situation here there are statements which are not only misleading, but which do injustice to others as well as myself. Will you,

therefore, be good enough to permit a reference to them through your columns?

In the first place, I was not appointed Adviser to the Korean King by Li Hung Chang, China's Prime Minister. In July, 1885, I received at my home in Portland, Oregon, a telegram from Li Chung Tang, the distinguished Viceroy, asking me if I would accept the position of Adviser and Inspector-general of Korean Customs—the two positions then being consolidated—an offer I at first declined, but subsequently changed to an acceptance, principally because it came through the Viceroy, with whom I had for several years maintained most amicable relations. In view of this, before going to Seoul, I went directly to Tientsin, in order to confer with the Viceroy as to the policy to be pursued, as in the event of any material disagreement I did not propose to go to Corea at all. In my first interview, the Viceroy informed me that the King had requested him to procure the services of a competent Adviser for Foreign Affairs, and that on account of his friendship for me, and the confidence he placed in my knowledge of international questions, he had asked me by telegraph to accept the position. And upon an exchange of views in regard to Korean matters, we seemed to be so nearly in accord that I left for Seoul, carrying with me the assurance of the Viceroy that in all my efforts to preserve the autonomy of the kingdom and to promote peace and better government I should have his cordial support. Arriving in Seoul, I soon arranged the details of my contract, by the terms of which the Korean Government obligated themselves to pay every dollar of my salary; after which, I received my appointment from the King, and entered upon the duties assigned me.

As the Chinese representative here was pursuing a criminal and high-handed policy toward this Government, I encountered from the first his bitter opposition. Neither did it take long to convince me that, unless I could induce the Viceroy to change it, I must either retire from the service of the King or publicly expose the Minister's conduct. But before doing either I determined to exhaust every effort of a private character to bring about a change, which I did, and which included two visits to the Viceroy at Tientsin; but all to no purpose.

In the meanwhile, as matters were going rapidly from bad to worse, the life of the King and his Government, including those of foreigners and many native people, being in imminent danger, I determined, with the approval of the King, to propose a pamphlet for publication, having for its object the double purpose of presenting the international and moral rights of the King and his Government, and warning innocent people of the actual danger which all the time threatened them. The pamphlet was accordingly issued, the first copy of which I sent to the Viceroy himself. The second one I forwarded to Senator Mitchell, of my State, with an earnest request that the Senator make it as public as possible. It is the same document, too, which you refer to as a "letter," or "memorial." You will at once see from this that there is absolutely no similarity between my case and that of the late British Minister at Washington, to which you refer, for the reason that his lordship never asked, so far as I have been able to discover, that his political correspondence should be made public. You err also when you say that "the Chinese Premier makes the grave charge that I have treacherously lent my influence to the intrigues of the Russians"; for, whatever my offending may have been, so far as the Viceroy Li is concerned, his excellency has never charged me with that, as he knows it to be unqualifiedly false. Since I entered the King's service I have labored unceasingly to promote the political as well as the domestic welfare of His Majesty's Government, and to that end have done all in my power to prevent the present Chinese representative from destroying those ancient relations of cordiality and close friendship which have existed between China and Corea for centuries, and which, in the interest of both the countries, ought still to continue. Some of the reasons for this policy are indicated in the following language, at page 9 of the pamphlet alluded to, a copy of which I send you, and which I hope you may find time to review, in order that you may judge as to whether the legal, historical and moral positions therein taken are not fully sustained:

"Their geographical positions, under friendly intercourse, make them a source of strength to each other, while the fact that Corea has drawn largely upon China's population, language, religion, laws, education, arts, manners and customs, which have contributed so much to the sum-total of Korean civilization, all combine to strengthen the chain of attachment, and cause her to look to China, as in the past, for friendly advice, rather than in any other direction; and in my judgment nothing will interrupt this friendship but a continuation of the illegal and high-handed treatment Corea is now receiving at the hands of the Chinese, and their studied and persistent attempts to destroy Korean sovereignty by absorbing the country."

These views were supplemented recently in an interview published in the *Daily News* at Shanghai. Upon being asked what I thought of Russian intrigues in the capital, and would they amount to much, I replied that "I do not believe in them. I do not for a moment imagine that Russia could be induced to undertake the responsibility of establishing a protectorate over Corea if urged to do so, thereby incurring the enmity of China. Russia is for conciliating China for the purpose of stimulating and encouraging her overland and other trade. Besides, the difficulty of governing a people like the Koreans, with little or no sympathy with Western methods, would be enormous, and could only be done by the strong arm of the military. Such a move would at once turn the eyes of the Koreans again with regret and longing toward China, from which the conduct of her present representative has just now more or less alienated them. I know that a few

years ago a desperate attempt was made to bring about such a consummation, but it did not succeed, happily both for Corea and Russia. To such a policy I shall always offer my most strenuous objection. Nor do I think the King could be led into making such a mistake. What is aimed at is to preserve Korean autonomy, the right to manage her own affairs at home and abroad, and to develop the natural resources of the country, in which I have great confidence, and at the same time keep intact her ancient tributary relations to China, with the vassalage dogma eliminated."

From these views, Mr. Editor, you will see that what I have been striving for, and am still striving for, is a permanent arrangement with China upon the above basis, and a speedy return to the old paths of amity and harmony between the two countries—a basis which would be accepted at once by the Peking Government, were it not for the ulterior designs of some other Powers. But, notwithstanding such designs, I believe the policy urged by me will yet be accepted as a solution of the "Corean question."

It is also erroneous to say that a treaty was signed last September, or at any time, between Russia and Corea, whereby the latter country is assured of the former's protection in case of necessity. The only treaty concluded between these two countries, aside from their general treaty, is one for the regulation of overland trade. This treaty, after having been quite openly discussed from time to time for more than two years, between the President of the Foreign Office and myself on the one hand, and Mr. Waerber, the Russian Minister, on the other, was signed a few months ago, and is entirely free from any political significance whatever. It is just such a treaty as exists between Corea and China, and between Russia and China, the advantages of which, under the operation of favored nation intercourse, extend alike to all nationalities.

In conclusion, permit me to add that I have been perfectly amazed at the slanders, misrepresentations and vituperation heaped upon this little country, as well as upon myself, by a portion of the public press, simply because it dares to put forth an effort to maintain its position among other sovereign and independent governments. So far as my own efforts in this direction are concerned, they are the result only of a conscientious discharge of my duty to the King of Corea. I have had no part in the formulation of those wise and well-settled rules of international jurisprudence applicable to this case, or in shaping or molding the historical relations which mark the intercourse between the Chinese and Koreans for centuries, or in the criminal and brutal treatment which the latter people have received at the hands of the present Chinese representative. My only offense appears to be their presentation to the public as clearly and concisely as my knowledge of the subject enabled me to do.

Sincerely yours, O. N. DENNY.
SEOUL, COREA, Feb. 12th, 1889.

ON THE BORDERS OF THE PROMISED LAND.

OUR Oklahoma correspondent furnishes us, this week, with a timely picture of a scene along the Arkansas River, the border-stream upon whose banks thousands of impatient "boomers" are encamped, ready to pour into the coveted Territory on or before the date of its opening, April 22d. In and about Arkansas City alone, nearly 3,000 are ready and waiting. The boomers have been forming into small colonies of twenty-five to fifty persons, and devising schemes to outwit their neighbors and get into the heart of Oklahoma by the appointed time. Probably a general forward movement into the Territory will be attempted on the night of April 20th. Boomers who have been on the ground all winter have picked out their land, and are naturally suspicious of the newcomers. They do not mean to have the land they fought for jumped by recent arrivals. They have pickets in hiding in the Oklahoma woods. The boomers on the Texas border are also becoming very impatient, and are liable to march in before the 22d, and seize their claims by daylight on that date. The State lines for hundreds of miles are dotted with prairie-schooners. All are preparing for the advance into the promised land.

MISS DELL THOMPSON.

THE charming and vivacious little lady whose portrait adorns page 169 is Miss Dell Thompson, the successful dramatic reader, whose costume recitals, humorous imitations and impersonations of celebrities have delighted innumerable audiences in various parts of the Eastern and Middle States. Miss Thompson was born in New Hampshire, and as a child "got off" her first bits of mimicry with the mice and bumble-bees of a farmhouse attic for an audience. Removing to Brooklyn while still a school-girl, she went resolutely to work to learn the art of elocution and dramatic expression under such teachers as Mrs. Harriet Webb and Frederick Warde, the tragedian, besides "studying human nature" in her own original fashion. Her progress was phenomenal, and within a very brief period her local fame has grown to almost a national reputation as an artist of versatile gifts and careful culture. Although she now holds an enviable rank amongst the "professional attractions" of the platform, and is in constant demand as a teacher, she does not yet regard her studies as finished, and intends to return for a second visit abroad, with a view to taking a course in the London school from which Ellen Terry is a graduate.

Miss Thompson is just at the outset of a career which is certain to be a brilliant one. She has already had offers from theatrical managers, and with her talents and personality, it seems almost inevitable that sooner or later the stage must claim her for its own.

From the effervescent humor of pieces like "Miss Edith Entertaining her Sister's Bean," or the sentiment of "Tom's Little Star," to the pathos of the "Pauper's Child," and the thrilling word-picture of the chariot-race from "Ben Hur," Miss Thompson enters thoroughly into the individual spirit of every portrayal in her varied repertoire of some two hundred selections. Many of these are given in appropriate costumes, designed

especially for their presentation. Will Carleton, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and other poets of celebrity, have written verses especially for her, and we believe it is no secret that the young artist has herself conceived and "fixed up" some of her most successful and characteristic sketches.

THE ABANDONED STEAM-SHIP "DANMARK."

AS these pages go to press, great anxiety is felt for the passengers and crew—some 700 souls in all—of the steam-ship *Danmark* of the Thingvalla Line between the Scandinavian and Danish ports and New York. The *Danmark* left Christiansand on March 26th, for this port, having on board 650 passengers besides her crew. Dispatches from Queenstown on April 12th reported that the Inman Line steamer *City of Chester*, arriving there from New York on that date, had passed the Danish steamer on April 8th, in latitude 46° N., longitude 37° W. The *Danmark* had been abandoned by her crew. Her stern was level with the sea, and her bow stood high out of the water. She was apparently sinking. The *Danmark*, of which we give a picture, was a vessel of 2,260 tons, and was commanded by Captain Knudsen. It is hoped that the passengers and crew of the water-logged vessel may have been taken off by some passing steamer; and possibly the arrival in New York of the weekly English and German transatlantic liners may solve the mystery of the *Danmark* before this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER shall reach the public.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

EDMONDO DI AMICIS.

EDMONDO DI AMICIS, whose portrait we give, is one of the foremost Italian writers of our day. He has been, and still is, a great traveler, and his glowing descriptions of London, Paris, Spain, Morocco, Holland, Constantinople, the Gates of Italy, etc., have been translated into many languages, giving him a world-wide reputation. He is also the author of "Cuore," that exquisite and unique series of studies of the Italian school-boy, which attracted so much attention two or three years ago. Signor di Amicis, it is understood, intends some day to visit this country, his impressions of which it would certainly be interesting to compare with Max O'Rell's.

JOHN BRIGHT'S HOME.

A picture of the late John Bright's house, "One Ash," at Rochdale, where the great orator and statesman died on the 27th ult., is reproduced from the *Illustrated London News*. Mr. Bright was born at Greenbank, near Rochdale, in 1811, and the latter place was his life-long home.

SAN SEBASTIAN.

San Sebastian, the Gibraltar of the North of Spain, as it has been aptly termed, where Queen Victoria visited the Queen-regent of Spain, last month, is a place of considerable historical interest. It is situated on the Bay of Biscay, about twelve miles from the French frontier, and is built on a rocky peninsula and forms an important military stronghold. Having been strongly fortified in early ages, San Sebastian became the key of Spain on the side of France, and, consequently, figured prominently in the wars between the two countries. Of late years San Sebastian has become a fashionable watering-place, being popularly known as the Brighton of Madrid, and it is thronged with visitors both from France and Spain.

THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT ROME.

The Ambassador of France at the Italian Court is M. Mariani, who occupies as his official residence in Rome the grand and storied Farnese Palace. The first reception of the season, recently held there, and of which a picture is given, was a splendid affair, well illustrative of the prestige maintained at the various European courts by the diplomatic representatives of the French Republic. Amongst the 500 guests present, nearly every one of whom was a personage of high official rank or nobility, was Premier Crispi, whom the artist depicts in the act of receiving the greeting of M. Mariani.

M. ANTOINE AT PARIS.

M. Antoine is the French politician who, as Deputy from Metz to the German Reichstag, stood up for the rights of the French inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine until he was expelled by the German Government for his aggressive activity in behalf of his compatriots. He has lately returned to Paris, to receive a demonstrative welcome at the hands of various Alsace-Lorraine societies, etc.; and the opponents of General Boulanger and the League of Patriots have seized the opportunity to offset the name of the "brav' general" in the popular regard by that of the quondam Deputy from Metz. M. Antoine is apparently a man of ability and force of character, and seems in a fair way to make himself conspicuous in contemporary French political life.

THE CHESS TOURNAMENT.

THE growth in popularity of the game of chess is strikingly illustrated in the Tournament of the Sixth American Chess Congress now being held in this city. Here are twenty players contesting day by day for the championship, and a large crowd of spectators assemble each day to witness the silent battling for supremacy. Of the players, one comes from Russia, one from Austria, one from France, one from Ireland, five from England, one from Canada, and the rest from various parts of the United States. Each of the twenty players has to play two games with every other player, making a total of 380 games to be played; thus the tournament will require about six weeks. The first half of the play was finished on Saturday last, and J. H. Blackburne, from England, was far in the lead, having lost three out of the nineteen games played. Closely following him were Weiss, from Austria, Gunsberg, from London, Tebigorin, from St. Petersburg, and Lipschutz, from New York. This would seem to indicate the winner of the four highest prizes; but sometimes surprising results are achieved in the second round, as, for instance, in the Vienna Tournament of 1873, Steinitz, after playing poorly in the first half, and thereby obtaining a very low place, won sixteen games consecutively in the second half, and tied with another player for the first prize.

This tournament includes Bird, the oldest chess-player now pursuing the game, he having been a

contestant in the London Tournament of 1857, and McLeod, from Canada, the youngest, being but a little over sixteen years of age, and this being his first important contest. Between these two are players of all ages and degrees of strength, including Blackburne, the most eminent blindfold player living, and unrivaled in this regard by any one living or dead except the late Dr. J. H. Zukertort; C. F. Burille, the champion of Boston; Eugene Delmar, President of the New York Chess Club; S. Lipschutz, champion of New York; Shewalter, champion of the United States Chess Association, and other well-known players.

SECRETS READ IN THE FACE.

THE *Herald of Health* says: "A man's occupation or condition has a good deal to do with making his facial expression. Intellectual pursuits, like the studies of the scholarly profession, when coupled with temperate and moral habits of life, brighten the face and give a person a superior look. Magnanimity of nature, or love of study and art, will make a bright, glad face; but, contrary to this, a man may have a face that does not please anybody, because of a love of self to the exclusion of all others, notwithstanding his learning and worldly shrewdness. Soldiers get a hard, severe look; overworked laborers constantly look tired; reporters look inquisitive; mathematicians look studious; judges become grave, even when off the bench; the man who has had domestic trouble looks all broken up."

"An example of the ludicrous side of this subject is to see a third-class lawyer stalking around a police-court looking as wise as an owl. The business makes the face, I say. There's the butcher's face, the ministerial face, the lawyer's face, the doctor's face, the hoodlum's face, all so distinct each from the other and singly, that I seldom fail to recognize those callings showing through the faces. And what city boy cannot recognize a genuine farmer as a farmer the moment he sees him on the street?"

THE PRESIDENT MAKES NO PROMISES.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has manifested one striking peculiarity in dealing with office-seekers. He refuses to promise appointments. When he gets ready to appoint a man he makes out the commission and sends it to the Senate, but until he is ready to sign the commission he will make no promises and give no definite assurance. This is very unpleasant for the office-seekers, but it is a measure of protection for the President. A peculiar case was laid before him a few days ago. It was the case of a man now holding office who was willing to resign if a Republican who was highly recommended for the position was appointed to succeed him. He handed his conditional resignation to a friend of the aspirant, who came with it to Washington and saw the President. He explained the conditions under which the resignation was given, and said that there was practically no opposition to his Republican friend. The resignation of the incumbent would relieve the Administration of some embarrassment, as the office was well managed and there was no excuse for a change. The President took the papers and said that the matter would have early attention.

"But will you make the appointment?" said the ambassador.

"I cannot promise that," said the President. "I will not promise anything. There are men going around Washington to-day saying that Grant lied to them, Hayes lied to them, and Garfield lied to them. They shall never say that Harrison lied to them."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

GEORGIA peach-trees have blossomed so heavily this Spring that it has been necessary to thin the blossoms out.

It is asserted that President Harrison proposes to recognize the protectionists of the South, and to try in this way to make the dividing line of the parties, not upon color, but upon the economic policy.

The first Arbor Day was observed in Nebraska seventeen years ago, when 12,000,000 trees were planted. There are now growing in the State 605,000,000 trees. In other States many millions of trees have been planted, and at the present time thirty-four States observe an Arbor Day. A hundred thousand acres of valueless dunes on the Bay of Biscay were planted with trees by Bremon-tier, which now yield France an annual income of a hundred and thirty thousand francs.

M. MICHEL EUGENE CHEVREUL, the distinguished French chemist, who died on the 9th inst., was born in 1786 at Angiers. His earliest achievements included his analysis of fossil remains exhumed by engineers in the valley of the Loire, and he spent a dozen years examining the chemical composition of animal bodies. In 1824 he was made director of the dyes and professor of special chemistry in the carpet manufactory of the Gobelins. The production and use of colors was a specialty with him, and the durability of the colors in the Gobelins tapestry is said to be due to his discoveries, by which hundreds of persons have been enriched, while he, as usually happens, remained poor. His whole life was devoted to the cause of knowledge, and he will be numbered among the great scientists whose names shine with greater lustre than do those of kings and warriors.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

APRIL 5TH.—In New York, James Brown, banker, aged 76 years. April 6th.—In Concord, Mass., Dr. Henry A. Barrett, aged 70 years; in Opelousas, La., Rev. Gilbert Raymond, aged 80 years. April 7th.—In Boston, Mass., Lewis Hayden, the colored abolitionist, etc., aged 73 years; in New York, Mrs. Minna L. Thomas, wife of Theodore Thomas, aged 49 years. April 8th.—In Staunton, Va., Judge H. W. Sheffield, aged 77 years; in Pelham, N. Y., Herman R. Le Roy, a well-known New Yorker, aged 62 years. April 9th.—In Chicago, Ill., Rear-admiral Thomas Patterson, U.S.N. (retired), aged 69 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Enoch W. Page, the car-maker, aged 64 years; in Paris, France, Michel Eugene Chevreul, the distinguished chemist, aged 103 years. April 10th.—In New York, Alfred S. Spaulding, of the Produce Exchange, aged 59 years; in Allegheny City, Pa., Colonel Richard Long, of Chicago. April 11th.—In Fort Robinson, Neb., General Edward Hatch, U.S.A.; in Marietta, O., ex-Congressman William P. Cutler, aged 75 years. April 12th.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Dr. William E. McCune, aged 28 years; in Bridgeport, Conn., Rev. P. T. Holley, a veteran Congregational preacher, aged 83 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A NATIONAL convention of barbers will be held at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 2d of May.

THE trial of General Boulanger was begun by the French Senate on the 12th inst.

THE census returns just made by the police show a population of 500,000 for Baltimore.

FIFTY-THREE HUNDRED emigrants sailed from Bremen and Hamburg in one day last week for New York.

FAVORABLE reports of the condition of the Spring wheat are received from all parts of the North-west.

A GOVERNMENT Bill providing for local government in Scotland has been rejected by the British House of Commons.

A REMARKABLE drought prevails in Upper Michigan, more than a billion logs awaiting rain, to be floated to the mills.

FIFTY buildings in the business part of Savannah, Ga., were destroyed by fire on the 6th inst., involving a loss of \$700,000.

OVER 3,000 persons on the line of the idle Panama Canal are in a destitute condition, and deaths from starvation are reported.

SITTING BULL, Gall, and other hostile Indians, show a disposition to accept \$1.25 per acre for the lands of the great Sioux Reservation.

It is said that the French Government is disposed to agree to Germany's proposal for an international conference on the slavery question.

FOUR Russian officers have made a wager that they can ride on horseback from St. Petersburg to Paris in forty-five days. They will start in May.

THE Presbytery of Rochester, N. Y., has sustained the ordination of three deacons who denied the doctrines of preordination and infant damnation.

THE Vermont delegation in Congress, presided over by Senator Edmunds, has resolved to advise the President to allow every Democratic appointee in that State to serve a full term of four years.

THE Saxton Ballot-reform Bill has passed the New York Assembly by a vote of 74 to 44. All the votes in the affirmative were cast by Republicans, and all the votes in the negative by Democrats.

THE steady growth of Mormonism is shown by the large number of delegates present at the world's conference of its believers held last week at St. Joseph, Mo. Over 1,000 representatives were present from all parts of the world, England sending the largest delegation of any foreign country except Canada.

A COMPANY has just been formed in London to run small one-horse omnibuses on short routes at half-penny fares. Every second omnibus will permit smoking, and will be fitted with automatic delivery-boxes for the supply of cigars and cigarettes. These smoking-omnibuses will also have racks of newspapers.

CARDINAL GIBBONS has issued a circular letter to the clergy of the Diocese of Baltimore, inviting them to hold a special service in their respective churches on the morning of April 30th, the centennial of Washington's inauguration. As an additional expression of joy and thanksgiving, the church-bells will be rung. Archbishop Corrigan has issued a similar circular.

THE Republicans still hold Rhode Island, the supplementary elections having resulted generally in their favor. With a decisive majority on joint ballot in the Legislature, they secure the election of their State ticket, which failed before the people; and although in a minority in the House, will be able to prevent, in the Senate, the enactment of legislation of a partisan character.

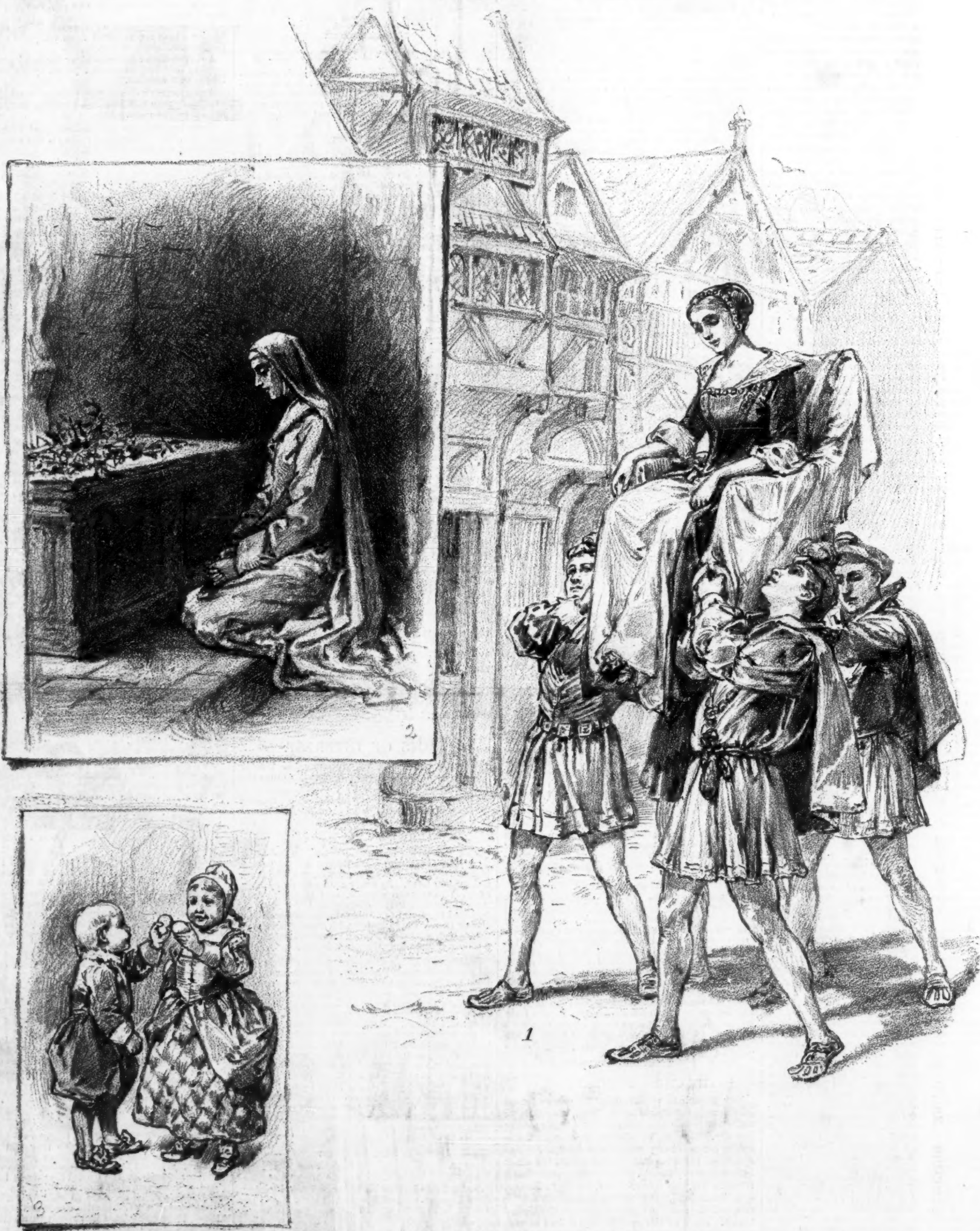
At a convention held in Birmingham, Ala., last week, with a view to reorganizing the Republican party in that State, speeches were made favoring the breaking away by the white Republicans from the colored voters of that party. Later on a White Republican Tariff League was formed. Intense excitement prevailed, and at a conference of the leading colored Republicans it was decided to "abandon the party."

Few people have an idea of the extent of President Harrison's mail. It has fallen off considerably of late, but it still averages about seven hundred letters a day. On several occasions, Private Secretary Halford says, the number came dangerously near reaching one thousand. In addition to this huge volume of mail, scores of letters are delivered in person daily by interested parties. Each letter is answered promptly, although in order to do this the little force of executive clerks are kept on duty from eight in the morning until eleven and twelve o'clock at night.

THE reorganization of the Consular Service, soon to commence, will be made, Mr. Blaine says, for the purpose of improving the service by weeding out the inefficient consuls and retaining only the best men. This will be done without much regard to politics, and will result in the retention of a number of the appointees of the last Administration who have made good records. On the other hand, many Republican consuls who have displayed no especial fitness for the service will be dropped, as will also such Democratic incumbents as may be put in the same category.

It is announced that the three treaty Powers concerned in Samoan affairs—England, Germany, and the United States—have reached an understanding, by the terms of which they will each keep but one war-vessel at Samoa pending the termination of the Berlin Conference. The vessel to be sent there by the United States will be the *Albat*, a 1,000-ton ship, now at Honolulu. This conclusion may be accepted as indicating a belief on the part of all the parties concerned that the approaching conference will result in a satisfactory solution of the Samoan question.

"YENOWINE'S NEWS," the popular illustrated weekly journal of Milwaukee, which on April 7th entered upon the fifth year of its career, is out with a superb Easter-anniversary number of thirty pages, bound in a handsome colored cover, and containing several beautiful pages of art-illustrations. Notable among these latter are reproductions of some of the gems of Mr. John L. Mitchell's art gallery, and "A Cluster of Easter Lilies," the latter being a cleverly arranged group of photographic portraits of sixty pretty children. Amongst the other special features are numerous views of Milwaukee, portraits of all the Mayors of that city, with descriptive text, and "The Great G. A. R. Encampment," together with editorial and literary matter, poems, correspondence, gossip, music, etc., in great profusion and variety. In this Easter-anniversary number *Yenowine's News* surpasses its own record, and sets a high standard for its esteemed contemporaries.



1. EASTER MONDAY IN OLD CHESTER, ENGLAND. 2. VIGIL OF EASTER EVE. 3. EASTER MORNING IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

THE EASTER FESTIVAL.—SOME OF THE QUAIN, OLD-TIME METHODS OF ITS OBSERVANCE ILLUSTRATED.

· DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.—SEE PAGE 173.



NEW YORK CITY.—OUR NEW MINISTER TO FRANCE.—THE EDITORIAL SANCTUM OF HON. WHITELAW REID, IN THE "TRIBUNE" BUILDING.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 174.

For Dayber's Echo:

THE
ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.BY
CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF
TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—LOVE, AND LOVE'S LOSS AND GAIN.

It may be well now for us to leave the immediate vicinity of Dayber's Echo; well to let the river rage at Valley Park Crossing unwatched and unnoticed; well to let Peter Pillah hunt for the woman who has securely hidden herself at his own telegraphed command; and well to follow Lionel Dayber, and listen to what he may have to say to Mrs. Irene Pankington.

Lionel rode slowly up to his house. He directed a servant to take care of his horse, a command at which the fellow stared a little, for Lionel had that genuine love for the animals he used personally that usually prompted him to take a personal care of them.

He entered the house, and the room where his supper was waiting for him. Mrs. Pankington was there, as was also little Belle Liddon. The latter ran up to Lionel and kissed him. A sharp sort of pang ran through the heart of Lionel as this happened. He wondered whether the time would ever come when Mrs. Pankington would be as willing and ready as dear little Belle; he glanced out of the corner of his eye at that lady, to see whether there was anything in her face that would warrant hope. But she simply smiled pleasantly and placidly. So many men would gladly find out the state of a woman's affections—in any other way under the sun than by asking. And so many men find it a hard thing to do. It had seemed quite the thing, when he was talking with Grim Jim, that Mrs. Pankington should love him; it had seemed as natural, when he was coming home, to ride into the possession of this lovely woman's heart as to ride home to the ranch. Now—looking into Mrs. Pankington's face—it seemed otherwise than as it had when he had been out in the darkness of night, and alone, on the wind-swept prairie. True, Grim Jim had assured him that Mrs. Pankington loved him; but what of that? On the one hand, Jim might be a man of unsound judgment; on the other, he might be a liar. The opinion of Irene Pankington would be of infinitely more value than Grim Jim's—and he must find courage to ask it! And not the most important reason for so doing was the promise he had given Grim Jim.

"Belle has had her supper," said Mrs. Pankington, in her full, sweet, finely modulated voice.

"Yes; suppose she goes to bed, then," responded Lionel, watchfully regarding Mrs. Pankington, and trying hard to determine whether there was any unusual suggestiveness—any special thoughtfulness—in either voice or manner. To have saved his life, he could not tell. The face of the woman might have been the face of the Sphinx, for all it told. And, further than that, this man had no data to help him to a judgment; Irene Pankington had never before told him that Belle had already had her supper, when he came home at night, and consequently he had never suggested an immediate bed-time for poor Belle. But, after all, what did that prove? Belle had never previously had her supper before his return at night, not when his return had been expected at all before another day.

In the face of that fact, what comfort could be drawn from what had happened!

I don't think Belle thoroughly enjoyed having her evening cut short in this summary manner, though she submitted with becoming grace, kissing Lionel gravely—and calling him "papa," and following with a hearty kiss for Mrs. Pankington, to whom she saucily applied the term "mamma"! It would be pleasant to record the statement that Irene Pankington blushed at that; but I cannot make such a statement—because it wouldn't be true. I am sorry to be compelled to confess that Lionel did blush!

"You are late to-night," suggested Irene, when Belle had gone, and Lionel and herself were seated at the table.

"Yes," said Lionel, pushing away his plate, utterly unable to eat. "I am late. But not as late as I feared I might be."

"Ah? You mean—"

"I mean that at one time I thought I shouldn't come at all."

"Not until to-morrow, I suppose?"

"Never!" cried Lionel, starting to his feet, and beginning to pace up and down the room; "never! Mrs. Pankington, would you have cared—much?"

An arch look flashed into her face for a moment—and then deepened and strengthened into an expression infinitely sweeter and better; a saucy answer rushed up to her lips, and died there unspoken. She has given this grand man no saucy answer to that question yet in all her life.

Was that a proposal? I don't know; how should I? Must I be held responsible, my dear reader, for all the vagaries manifested by the ladies and gentlemen to whom I introduce you? And will you insist on my standing ready, at all times, to explain exactly what they mean by what they do and say?

Was it a proposal? I don't know. If so, it was a remarkable sort of one. But, judging by results, I rather think it was.

He had asked her very little—very little indeed. And she did not answer him at all—not in words. But, somehow, he found himself no longer pacing the floor; he found himself, somehow, with Irene Pankington in his arms, her head on his shoulder, and her face, sweet and dimpled—but rather white and a trifle tear-stained—very close to his own. A—
—a dream? He feared so. And when he found

himself kissing the warm, rich, ripe, red lips of this woman, and imagined that she was doing her feeble best to return his kisses instead of keeping them, he was almost certain that it couldn't possibly be real.

The two lovers came back to the sober realities of the world, after a time, and Irene Pankington found time to take a long breath.

"I—I think you understand?" suggested Irene.

"I hope I do," replied Lionel. "I think you would have cared, at least a little, if I had never returned."

"Do you? Of course I should. But I don't know what happened. Tell me all about it."

"Well, you see, Grim Jim—"

"That horrible man. You must get rid of him. I am afraid whenever I see him—lately."

"Are you? He loves you."

A faint flush stole into Irene's face, and made it more beautiful and fascinating than ever.

"I know he does. He told me so. That is more than you have done."

"Well, what of it? You know I am going to marry you all the same."

"Y-e-e-e-s, I suppose so," with a very pretty affectation of weary resignation. "I am quite at your disposal—of course."

"And next week—" he began, eagerly.

"No, sir, nothing of the sort. I will marry you in a month, if—if—"

And to Lionel's consternation she began to cry. He didn't know what to do, not being much used to women and their ways, but he was too eager and selfish to try to administer any comfort that did not thoroughly recognize himself as a very prominent and important individual.

He put his arm around her waist, rather awkwardly, I fear, and tried to get an opportunity to look into her face.

"You—you meant more than that you'd have cared, didn't you, Mrs. Pankington—Irene?" he pleaded.

"Y-e-e-e-s," she sobbed.

"You—you do love me a little, don't you?"

"A—little," she said, tears in every word—in the most prosaic and literal sense.

"And you will—will marry me, won't you?"

"Y-e-y-e-s, if—if you want me very much?"

"And next month?"

"Wh-wh-when-ever you wish—Li-Li-Lionel," she gasped, and then broke down and cried more furiously than ever.

(On the whole, I am inclined to think the first scene in this little drama—comedy or tragedy, according as you look at it from the stand-point of the audience or the actors—was not a proposal. Who ever heard of a proposal all having to be done over again?)

Lionel left Irene's side and began to pace up and down the room once more; he didn't know what to do; he had to do something; and this was better than nothing.

He wondered, vaguely, whether all women acted that way? He wondered how long it would last? He was glad, so glad, so very glad, that he had won Irene Pankington; he began to worry as to what he could do with her—now he had her.

She continued to cry. He continued to walk. He looked nervously at the curtains, and noticed with much satisfaction that they would admit of no one looking into the room from the outside. He wouldn't have liked to see Grim Jim until he—or at least, Irene—knew whether she was glad or sorry at what had happened.

"If—if I could say anything—" he faltered.

"You—you've said enough! What more can you say?" wailed Mrs. Pankington.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Lionel, resuming his hurried and nervous walk.

And I'm sure I don't, kind reader. Do you?

"If I could—could do something—to show my love—and—how much I wish to be worthy," he said, stopping opposite the weeping woman. He was getting desperate. Something must be done soon. He was beginning to half envy the good fortune of Grim Jim in escaping such an experience as this!

"I—I understand and appreciate your love. And you're worthy the best woman that ever lived. But I—I have been such a bad, bad woman—"

Was Lionel learning fast, or are some such actions the results of the inherited instincts which have grown out of a thousand centuries of human experience? Be it as it may, he put his arms around the weeping woman, and assured her that the use of the word "bad" in connection with herself was an unpardonable lie!

"What have you ever done that is bad?" demanded this model of consistency, in the next breath.

"I—I came into your house under false pretenses," she said, and said very contritely, looking up and drying her eyes.

"I don't understand you. I've always supposed you were a good housekeeper. Aren't you? We'll have another, then, when we're married."

"I don't mean that. I mean—I mean—How shall I ever tell you what I do mean?"

"Really, Irene, I haven't even the slightest idea. Heaven knows I'd help you, if I had."

"And I know it, too. You're the dearest, kindest, best—"

"Don't, please; you'll be crying again in ten seconds. It doesn't seem to me that you need cry about such facts as those—supposing they were facts!"

"I will try not to cry, since it troubles you. And I'll try to tell you just what has hurt me so. It is true that I came into your house under false pretenses; it is true that I have remained here under false pretenses; it is true that I am here under false pretenses; and—"

"Your promise to marry me isn't a false pretense, is it?"

How near akin are smiles and tears! Irene Pankington actually laughed at that, and Lionel, without quite knowing why, laughed with her.

The laugh did her good; I am not sure I can say as much for him.

Foolish, these lovers? Well, I suppose so. You needn't remain, unless you wish. One reason I've had for staying so long is the desire for some valuable information I'm going to get very soon, unless Fate's weather-signals are at fault to-night!

"No, sir," she replied, "there is no pretense in that. I am more happy than words can express in knowing that you love me. I love you for the kindness you have shown me; I love you for the care and patience you have shown to sweet little Belle Liddon; I love you for some services you have done me and mine—some services I am not quite ready to name and explain, just yet. No, I am glad and satisfied; take me, for better or worse, and—"

"Oh, Irene, I am so happy. Please do not say another word."

"I must. When a woman comes into a man's house as a detective—"

"A detective?"

"Yes."

"You a detective?"

"I am."

"For how long?"

"Ever since I had to take care of myself."

"Ever since your husband died?"

"Ever since I lost my husband."

"And by whom have you been employed?"

"By a New York firm; the house of Smart & Swift."

"And you came here to watch—whom? Has—has it anything to do with dear little Belle Liddon?"

"You love Belle Liddon?"

"I do. God knows I do."

"As well as you love me?"

"Almost. Not quite. But do not keep me waiting. Had your work here anything to do with Belle Liddon?"

"I was not sent here on her account."

"Who is the one you were to watch? Some of the men I employ? Some of—"

But Lionel paused, as she shook her head.

"Who, then?" he demanded again.

"I was sent here to watch—you!"

His lips quivered; his face darkened.

"May I know what crime—"

"There was no crime," she said; and then she proceeded to tell him, briefly and concisely, of Nathan Dayber's fears and fancy—of his visit to the detective agency of Smart & Swift, and of the advantage which had been taken of the advertisement for a housekeeper in order to secure the presence in his household of a competent detective, and one who would be entirely unsuspected.

"And—and do you forgive me?" she said, very sweetly.

"I do," he said, and sealed his statement in the manner anciently established among lovers; "but I wish you would resign your position at once. I should hate to think I was watched—"

"More than any wife would think natural and right?" she said, with a smile; "I don't doubt it, and I don't blame you. I'll write my resignation now," moving over to a desk upon which there were pens and ink and paper; "shall I mention my reasons?"

"I think I would; you're not ashamed of them, are you?"

So the letter was duly written.

And we'll delay listening to the further conversation of the happy pair long enough to say that the letter was duly sent, and that the following answer came to hand, and is properly treasured among the precious mementos of a certain lady's long-ago detective life:

"OFFICE OF SMART & SWIFT,

"GENERAL DETECTIVE AGENCY,

"NEW YORK CITY.

"Mrs. Irene Pankington—"

"MY DEAR MADAM: We accept, with regret, your resignation, as expressed in your letter just received. Without entering into details, we shall report to Mr. Nathan Dayber that our relations with him, so far as his brother is concerned, are terminated. You, who are about to become so nearly related to him, would undoubtedly prefer to make all the necessary explanations.

"We inclose a check for the balance due you, and desire to add our thanks. Should any change in your circumstances ever render it necessary for you to earn your own livelihood, we shall be glad to offer you employment.

"In conclusion, the fact that Mr. Lionel Dayber is to marry you probably makes any precautions against his insanity quite needless.

"Very sincerely, yours, SMART & SWIFT.

"Per A."

(This letter is copied from the original, which the lady once known as Mrs. Irene Pankington has kindly allowed me to see. I must say, however, that the sentence which is given so much of emphasis has, in my opinion, been underlined in the letter by the lady herself!)

"I should like to hear something of the story of your life," said Lionel, when Irene's letter of resignation had been written, "and of how you became a detective."

Mrs. Pankington's brow clouded.

"The story is a very painful one, but—"

"Then don't tell it. I would not have you do anything which would pain you, not for the world. And I am fully content to have you, just as you are. I shall be quite proud of my detective, I assure you."

"But I shall tell you," continued she, not appearing to notice the interruption, "for I cannot be satisfied to have you know less than the full truth regarding me. The time was when I was one of the happiest young women in the world. Before her marriage, Irene Pankington—"

"But, dearest, I thought your present name to be Pankington. You are not a divorced woman?"

"No. I am a widow. But the name I am now known by is the name of my girlish days. I was a Pankington. I was christened Irene. And—But that has only a little to do with the story. I married a man who loved me—never mind his

name just now. He was a man I loved. We were as happy, for a time, as any two persons in the world ever were. We were too happy for it to last, though when our child was born I felt as though the heaven of our joys was as boundless and as endless as the heaven beyond the grave. Well, a serpent came into our Eden, as has been true of every earthly Eden in the world's history. Only, in this case, she hardly came to us; we rather went to her."

"The serpent, then, was a woman?"

"Yes. Is there any sort more dangerous?"

"Probably not. A bad woman can do infinitely more for evil than a bad man can. She assaulted you—and your home—I suppose, through your husband?"

"Your idea is a natural one, but incorrect for all that. She attacked my husband and my home—through me."

"How was that? I do not understand you."

"I sometimes wake of nights to wonder if it ever really happened. It all seems a dream. I cannot understand it myself. But I'll try to tell you what happened, as well as I can. I first met the woman—I'll call her Mrs. Black, if you please, though that isn't her name—on Broadway. I tendered her some little civility, such as pointing out the fact that she had dropped her handkerchief, or something of that sort, and she thanked me warmly. We entered the same store. We conversed together. I was greatly taken with the lady, and told my husband about her, and her brilliant conversation, when I returned home. A month later, when I had almost forgotten this little episode in my life, I met her at the home of a mutual friend, and had a regular introduction to her. 'A lady who has been unfortunate in family affairs,' my friend explained to me afterward, 'and who lives apart from her husband, though it is generally believed that he has to furnish her the means of living. A very quiet and home-loving woman, and one who goes into society but little.'

"Of course I felt a great interest in the heroine of such a romantic story—or hint of a story—as that was, and when I thought of my own husband, of his love for me and of mine for him, and of how terrible any misunderstanding between us would be, all my heart went out in one wild torrent of womanly sympathy for this lady who had lost her husband—though he still lived."

"Within one week I had called at her house; within two, she had returned my call, and I had called upon her again. Within less than three months we were warm and intimate friends."

(To be continued.)

WHITELAW REID IN HIS "TRIBUNE" SANCTUM.

"THEY used to make a great deal of fun of the Young Man in the Tall Tower," said Mr. Reid, with a smile, as he received the FRANK LESLIE artist and reporter, with charming courtesy, in his spacious and elegant editorial sanctum, at the Tribune building. "I rather liked the characterization—probably because it was pleasant to be spoken of as a young man. Well," he continued, turning toward the great arched window commanding a superb view of lower New York to the westward, and the Palisades looming in hazy grandeur across the Hudson, "the Tall Tower holds its own, and my neighbors have recently bestowed upon it the sincerest of flattery, in the form of imitation."

The giddy walls of the new Times building, the red-brick Babel of the Potter, and the sky-piercing pinnacles of Temple Court, all rising within a stone's-throw of the Tribune editor's desk, strikingly confirm this observation.

Mr. Reid's room, which he has occupied and worked in ever since the completion of the building, more than twelve years ago, is the south-western corner of the ninth or editorial floor, looking out upon the City Hall Square on one hand, and down the narrow cañon of Nassau Street on the other. Its massive stone arches, brick walls, tiled floor and lofty ceiling are somewhat suggestive of baronial seclusion; but the business-like desk, the comfortable chairs, the books, pictures and editorial bric-a-brac, the cheerfulness and light, and, perhaps more than all else, the personality of the man who occupies the apartment, give it the air of what it really is—a centre of intellectual activity and live modern spirit. A fine life-size portrait of Horace Greeley (who did not live to see the Tall Tower rise) looks benignly down upon his successor's desk. Opposite hangs a photograph of the old Tribune building, and its neighbors, in which the now dwarfed five-story home of the Sun appears as a grand and imposing structure.

Adjoining the room which we have been describing, and of which the picture gives a glimpse, is a smaller private nook, with fortress-like walls and an odd-shaped little window. This is in the tower itself. It is a seductive sort of aerial hermitage, into which Mr. Reid has often brought his work and cares, when wishing to be very much alone.

The great, studio-like library, the various editorial rooms—separated by glass partitions permitting the plentiful diffusion of daylight, the pneumatic tubes and telephones—all on this same ninth floor, are shown the favored visitor by Mr. Reid himself, with a kind of personal pride, perhaps; for a great many of his own ideas are built into that graceful and solid masonry, and carried out in the arrangement of the rooms. The building itself is founded upon the solid, dry sand of a prehistoric ocean-beach, thirty feet below the present surface of the ground.

These familiar scenes, so intimately associated with his work and career, Whitelaw Reid, as the nation's newly appointed Minister to France, is about to leave—with reluctance and regret, it cannot be doubted. Similar appointments to Germany, under both Hayes and Garfield, as will be remembered, were declined by him. His ambassadorial qualifications are obvious, and of the highest order; and probably there is no other capital where they would find such scope and appreciation as in elegant, cultured, worldly Paris. He will be respected for his tact and knowledge of state affairs, honored for his force and achievements in the world of intellect and taste, and feted for his social graces and good-fellowship; while his wealth is ample to maintain the style of living befitting a Minister to the French capital.

The consideration of these advantages, no doubt, aided his determination to accept his present appointment, though he probably hesitated before severing, even temporarily, his intimate personal connection with the newspaper which he has made such a power in the land.

"The telephone, which now enables me to talk with perfect ease from my house, or from my farm, to the office here," he says, "will not carry between Paris and New York. The editorial burden of the *Tribune* must be shifted to other shoulders."

Most people think they know how Whitelaw Reid looks, and no doubt the general idea conveyed by the best of the familiar portraits is a good one. An impression of the unexpected, however, enters into the pleasure experienced in a first meeting with the great Republican editor. He is scarcely yet a middle-aged man in appearance, though his hair and heavy mustache are becoming gray. He is tall, well-built, active, yet easy and deliberate in movement, as he is graceful in courtesy to friends and strangers alike. One is surprised to find in his manner nothing of the abruptness which usually becomes second nature to busy editors; nor do the aggressive possibilities suggested with more or less distinctness in his portraits appear in the animated face, with its dark, vivacious eyes and the kindly though firm expression. None of the stock comparisons, such as "well-to-do banker," or "military officer," or "professional-looking," or "of literary aspect," seem to quite fit Mr. Reid. He may be best described as looking like what he is—a gentleman of wealth and culture, a traveled man of the world, the popular President of the Lotus Club, a journalist with opinions which he has the ability and position to impress upon society and public life, and an American who will be certain to represent us at Paris with a measure of dignity, tact and popularity in every way worthy the high diplomatic mission to which he has been appointed.

QUAINT EASTER CUSTOMS.

EASTER-TIDE, like Christmas, abounds in picturesque and quaint local customs, many of them with little or no religious significance, but honored by the observance of uncounted generations. Among those which still hold their own in certain corners of England is the old custom of "lifting," which is thought to bear a remote reference to the Resurrection.

Chester, that town of special joy to the modern tourist, has always been peculiarly addicted to the keeping-up of ancient games and festivals, and very rich in local customs; Easter Monday in those old Rows saw many a gay procession such as we have pictured, when parties of gallants, rustling in all their bravery of the latest sixteenth-century fashions, carried on their shoulders a draped and bedecked arm-chair, in which every passing maiden, in turn, was to be enthroned and dizzily hoisted above the heads of the crowd. A kiss and a fee were demanded by each of the four bearers, and it does not appear that either the honor of the "lifting" or the toll that followed the descent was ever disputed by the fair victim. Not only were the pedestrians subject to this tyrannous law of Easter Monday, but houses were also invaded, and the inmates elevated in memory of "the resurrection of the body."

The little Chester children tossed eggs, and even the clergy played at ball therewith on that day; but in New Amsterdam the favorite use to which the gayly dyed and painted eggs were assigned was the game of striking them together till the softest shell should crack. The white-headed little miniature *troops* and *myrthen* celebrated their *pays* with great shattering of painted shells, and made many a quaint little *genre* picture at the corners of old New York streets in the good colonial days.

All these odd and quaint customs run their course and die out at last, even from the twilight corners of the Old World, and how much more from the glaring noonday of our Western civilization; but the Easter *Te Deums* are still sung, and Easter Day is a fashion that never grows old. In the quiet convent Time stands still, and cloistered women still watch by the sepulchre, keeping their vigils until the morning breaks; and in the world, as in the cloister, all humanity is waiting for the rolling away of the great stone and the dawning of the "eternal Easter-tide."

JAMES H. WINDRIM,

SUPERVISING ARCHITECT OF THE TREASURY.

MR. JAMES H. WINDRIM, recently appointed by Secretary Windom as Supervising Architect of the Treasury, was born in Philadelphia in 1840, and was educated at Girard College, from which place he was graduated in 1856. He studied architecture in the office of John Notman, one of Philadelphia's most famous architects, and subsequently worked for a time as a practical carpenter and builder. He was then employed in a professional capacity in supervising the work upon the Church of the Holy Trinity and the Episcopal Hospital, and later was engaged by the Pennsylvania Railroad to take charge of the erection of some of the company's buildings in Pittsburgh. Then, beginning business on his own account in Philadelphia, he designed the Masonic Temple, and also Jay Cooke's former mansion, "Ogontz," at Chelton Hills; the Fidelity Safe Deposit and Trust Company's building, the Bank of Northern Liberties, the Academy of Natural Sciences, the Tradesmen's Bank, the stores for the Girard estate on Market Street, the new offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the Hotel Lafayette, the new buildings on the Girard College grounds, the College of Physicians and the Western Savings Fund building. He also designed many private residences, and has had more to do, probably, with the architectural development of his native city than any man of his time. He was selected for his present position without his knowledge, and only accepted it from a sense of public duty. With the office of Supervising Architect in such trustworthy hands, the public interests will be protected, while the canons of good taste will not be violated in the construction of the public buildings with which he has to do.

COLONEL JOEL B. ERHARDT,

COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

WHATEVER may be the fact as to other appointments, President Harrison has certainly made no mistake in selecting Colonel Joel B. Erhardt as Collector of Customs in New York. It is in every respect a first-class appointment. Even partisan criticism has nothing to say against it. Colonel Erhardt is admitted, on all hands, to be a man of signal ability, of unsullied integrity

and great force of character, and it is not doubted in any quarter that his administration of the important office in which he has been placed will be upright and efficient.

Joel B. Erhardt was born in this city, of German parentage, fifty-one years ago, and was educated at the University of Vermont. When the Rebellion broke out, he went to the front with the Seventh Regiment, of which he was a member, and upon the expiration of its time of service joined the First Vermont Cavalry, serving with it for two years and rising to the rank of Captain. During the last two weeks of the war he was Provost-marshal of the Fourth District of this city. After the close of the war he finished his studies, was admitted to the Bar, and became Assistant United States District Attorney in Brooklyn. In 1875 he was defeated as candidate for the New York Board of Aldermen, and in the following year Mayor Wickham appointed him Police Commissioner, which position he held until 1879. In 1883 Mr. Erhardt was appointed Marshal of the Southern District of New York by President Arthur. Later he became receiver of the New York and Northern Railroad, and completely reconstructed it, becoming its president. He afterward resigned, and last year was the Republican candidate for Mayor, making a gallant fight and coming out second in the race.

A SPRING DAY ON GALILEE BEACH.

THERE is no grander bit of surf-beaten beach down the whole Jersey coast than that gray, sandy strip connecting the Peninsula of Sandy Hook, under the shadow of the Neversink Highlands, with the main-land to the south. For half a dozen miles or more this natural causeway extends, with the broad, tempestuous Atlantic rolling in on its eastern side, and the placid sheen of the Shrewsbury River, only a few yards distant, on its western. Galilee Beach is about midway between Sandy Hook and Long Branch. It is a fine place from which to view in safety the majestic fury of an ocean storm, while in fair weather the sunshine, tempered by the salty breeze, is delicious. Mr. Becker's picture, on page 177, gives admirably the aspect and atmosphere of Galilee Beach, these warm Spring days. The hardy fishermen, during the intervals between the hauling of their nets, amuse themselves at trap-shooting, having the apparatus for springing the glass balls planted in the sand just beyond the reach of the waves. Those brave "fishers of men," the crews of the Government life-saving stations, are represented on the scene by one or two of their number; and, appropriate to the season, a quiet flirtation is in progress under the shadow of the fish-house on the sandy dunes.

THE MANUFACTURERS' CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE brilliant reception to Postmaster-general John Wanamaker, by the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, the 10th instant, was a memorable event in the social annals of that organization, and of the city itself. It marked, moreover, the opening and inauguration of the magnificent new home of the club, No. 1409 Walnut Street. The house cost \$250,000, and forms a notable contribution to the elegant modern architecture of the Quaker City.

The Manufacturers' Club itself is young, though a flourishing organization, having grown out of the necessity felt in Philadelphia for the organization of a club which should bring those interested in manufactures into more cordial and social relations. It was organized in May, 1887, and was a success from the start. Monthly meetings are held, at which subjects pertaining to manufacturing and the special interest of the various sections may be discussed. A semi-monthly journal has been established, devoted to the discussion of all topics bearing upon the interests of the trades represented in the club.

Mr. Thomas Dolan is President of the Manufacturers' Club, and its membership is at present about 600, divided into two classes, resident and non-resident. The new club-house, for which the temporary quarters, at 1319 Walnut Street, are about to be deserted, is one of the most complete of its kind in the country, and is provided with every appurtenance of a first-class social club.

One enters the building from Walnut Street through an enormous arched doorway and finds himself in a richly decorated vestibule. To the right is a large reception-room, 17½ feet by 18½ feet, beautifully furnished and splendidly lighted. An archway leads from the reception-room to the curtained office of Assistant Secretary Stockton. Passing through, the main-staircase hall opens to the view. The staircase is impressive in design, and probably has not its equal in the country. It is finished in oak and runs entirely to the roof. Passing through another arched way, another hall is traversed having on the right a hat and cloak room, passenger and freight elevators, light-wells, serving-rooms, and leading to the laboratory and the café. This is a large and splendidly lighted room, extending forty-one feet back to Moravian Street, where there opens a roomy bay-window much like those in front of the building.

Each room in the building has been furnished in a different kind of wood, and the wall and ceiling decorations have been designed to match the wood-work. The library is on the second floor, and is furnished in mahogany. The decoration is very fine. The club-room proper, or, as it is called, the reading and assembly room, will occupy nearly half of the third floor, and will be splendidly finished in old oak.

Two private dining-rooms occupy the front of the fourth floor, and the club dining-room is in the rear. It is done in antique oak and colors to match. The fifth floor is taken up by the card-room, the servants' quarters, the pantry, the china-closet, the laundry and the refrigerator. On the roof is to be a Summer garden, commanding a magnificent view of the city.

FLORIDA CORAL AND SPONGE INDUSTRIES.

A FLORIDA correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes: "The vast beds of coral on the southern coast of the peninsula, stretching out into the water almost to where the strong current of the Gulf Stream sweeps by in its journey northward, are large enough to furnish the whole world with all the coral necessary for ordinary purposes for the next four or five centuries. The United States gets nearly, or quite, all of her coral from this region, while thousands of dollars' worth are annually exported. Near Key West hundreds of people are employed in the industry; but with improved methods, and a wider market for it, this

number will be greatly increased. There is an almost inexhaustible supply of the best coral along the reefs and shore of the main-land, which is waiting to be gathered for manufacturing purposes. Thousands of dollars are already invested in the industry, but there is ample room for thousands more. The dredges are of a primitive character, and many of the workers are inexperienced lot.

"Extending almost parallel with the coral banks is a sponge reef. It begins a few miles east of Apalachicola, and hugs the coast to within fifty miles of Cedar Key, and after making a break of one hundred miles, it reappears again and runs south to Key West and the Bahama Islands. In the neighborhood of Key West the coral-fishers and sponge-fishers work within sight of each other, both fishing for material that is becoming dearer every year owing to the gradual disappearance of the supply. Oftentimes the coral is dredged from the same reef from which the sponges have been taken. This is possible, for the sponge-reef, as it is called, is principally of coral, changing in places to genuine limestone. The sponges are found wherever the bottom is rocky, and it is generally supposed that the rocky ridge extends as far as the Texas coast. In fact, the supply is a large one, as already discovered, and the real extent of it is probably not half known.

"Where the water is from ten to thirty feet deep over the reef, the work of gathering sponges is carried on continually. Many of the sponges are much superior in quality to those from the Mexican coast, and they grow so rapidly that the same reef can be dredged over every two or three years. Two or three dozen schooners are now engaged in the work of gathering the sponges, each schooner carrying two small boats, manned by a crew of two. When the reef is reached the small boats put off, and while one sculls the other keeps an eye out for sponges. A simple contrivance enables the watchman to see sponges on the reef twenty feet or more under the water. On the side of the small boat a long barrel sort of arrangement is built, the lower end of which is under water and closed up by a glass head. By placing his head in this barrel the watchman can see through the clear water to the bottom of the sea with remarkable distinctness. When a good sponge is detected it is brought up with an iron hook on a long pole. Considerable knack is required to dislodge a sponge safely, and bring it to the surface without injuring it."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

It is estimated that the magnificent stalactite cave lately discovered near Reclère, Canton Berne, is about 6,000 meters long, 600 broad, and 4 to 20 high.

Powdered resin, according to H. Hager, is liable to spontaneous combustion, owing to oxidation by the air, and it should be kept in tightly closed tin boxes.

At a recent lecture in London on the Pasteurian methods, Professor Horsley stated that the use of these methods of treatment had reduced the mortality in cases of hydrophobia from 15 per cent. to 1.3 per cent.

A PROCESS of lettering bone or ivory, by sinking the letters into the material in a permanent fashion, has recently been introduced. These ivory plates are taking the place of engraved metal plates for signs, checks, badges, and so on. Electrical engineers have also adopted the new plates, which can likewise be applied to organs and pianofortes.

ONE of the most satisfactory wax finishes for wood is made by boiling a quarter of a pound of white wax with one ounce of pearl-ash and one quart of water. It is to be stirred while boiling, the stirring being afterward continued until cold. The composition is to be applied with a paint-brush, after which the surface is rubbed until dry with velvet plush.

A PLAN for rendering paper as tough as wood or leather, it is said, has been recently introduced on the Continent. It consists in mixing chloride of zinc with the pulp in the course of manufacture. It has been found that the greater the degree of concentration of the zinc solution the greater will be the toughness of the paper. It can be used for making boxes, combs, for roofing, and even for making boats.

A NEW method of utilizing the power of running streams has been devised by M. Tarn, a Russian engineer. His apparatus consists of an endless cable carrying a series of canvas cones which open and shut like an umbrella. The cable passes over a double drum on board of a ponton, and at the other end over a pulley suspended from a buoy. On the lower part of the rope the cones are opened and forced forward by the current of water, thus setting in motion a shaft or drum.

AN ingenious machine has been perfected in Boston to cut rubber soles for shoes in rubber factories. Heretofore these soles have all been cut out by hand and by a pattern. This new invention takes rubber soling in sheets on a glass bed, and by a simple process, with a series of cog-wheels, the sharp knife is in a second's time passed around the form and cuts the sole clean. The different-sized patterns can be adjusted in less than twenty seconds, and the machine will cut rights and lefts without changing the gear in the least.

M. DANION, writing in the *Paris Journal de Médecine*, gives some remarkable results of the treatment of facial paralysis by electricity. His experience leads him to conclude that the best method of treatment consists in the application of voltaic currents of five to seven milliamperes applied weakly on the trunk of the facial nerve and the length of its terminal branches. Electricity has long been invoked as a therapeutic of facial paralysis. But M. Danion thinks the treatment by static electricity is unavailing. In fact, out of five cases in which he employed the voltaic currents he found the greatest success and the patients were quickly relieved.

THE *Practical Teacher* gives the following simple experiment in chemistry, which any child can try: Cut three leaves of red cabbage into small pieces, and, after placing them in a basin, pour a pint of boiling water over them, letting them stand an hour; then pour the liquid into a decanter. It will be of a fine blue color. Then take four wine-glasses—into one put six drops of strong vinegar; into another, six drops of solution of soda; into a third, the same quantity of a strong solution of alum; and let the fourth glass remain empty. Fill up the glasses from the decanter, and the liquid poured into the glass containing the acid will quickly change to a beautiful red, that poured in with the soda will be a fine green, that poured in with the alum will turn to a pretty purple, while that poured into the empty glass will remain unchanged.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

LYMAN E. KNAFF, of Vermont, has been appointed Governor of Alaska.

It is stated that Mr. John D. Rockefeller made his daughter, recently married, a bridal present of \$1,000,000.

It is said that an attempt was recently made upon the life of the Czar, and that he was wounded by an exploding shell.

THE personal effects of the late philanthropist Isaiah V. Williamson, of Philadelphia, have been appraised at \$9,810,639.

HON. NATHAN F. DIXON has been elected United States Senator from Rhode Island, in place of Jonathan Chase, resigned.

THE Belgian Government has informally warned General Boulanger to abstain from political agitation, which the Government will not tolerate.

THE fund for the benefit of Matthew Arnold's widow amounts to \$35,000, of which \$3,000 will be devoted to the erection of a bust in Westminster Abbey.

SECRETARY NOBLE has decided to appoint Hiram Smith, a one-armed and one-legged Missouri soldier, to be Mr. Tanner's principal Assistant Commissioner of Pensions.

THE estate of the late John Bright is valued at \$3,750,000, which, by the terms of his will, is divided among a large number of persons, even his distant relatives being remembered.

RIGHT HON. WILLIAM H. SMITH, First Lord of the Treasury, is to be raised to the Peerage and resign the Government leadership in the British House of Commons, and Mr. Balfour is spoken of as his successor.

THE widow of Kersey Coates, of Kansas City, has a fortune estimated at \$10,000,000, which all came from a successful venture in real estate—a bit of land which cost her husband \$2,000. It was then a farm, but is now twenty acres in the heart of Kansas City.

HANS VON BULOW, the famous pianist, who is now in this country, is noted for his eccentricity as well as for his musical talent. When he has done anything to shock his friends and enrage his enemies he makes no apologies, but simply shrugs his shoulders, and says: "It's a way I have."

WILFORD WOODRUFF has been elected President of the Church of the Latter Day Saints, with George Q. Cannon and Joseph T. Smith as Counsellors and Lorenzo Snow President of the Twelve Apostles. The new President has been President of the Twelve Apostles since the election of John Taylor to the Presidency of the Church.

EX-KING MILAN of Serbia was so afraid of assassination during his reign that he slept in a room with double doors cased in steel. A powerful mastiff lay at the foot of his bed, and he always kept a loaded revolver on a table by his bedside. When eating alone the King would not use any made dishes, and satisfied his appetite with toast and boiled eggs.

THE Samoan Commission sailed from New York on Saturday last. The Secretary, Lieutenant Parker, of the Navy, has been attached to the *Adams* for three years, and it is expected that his knowledge of Samoan affairs, acquired during the stay of the *Adams* at Apia, will be of great assistance to the Commission. Lieutenant Buckingham, now Naval Attaché at the United States Legation at London, but lately attached to the Berlin Mission in a similar capacity, will join the Commission at Berlin, and also act in the capacity of Secretary.

MARSHALL P. WILDER's annual *matinée* is announced for Tuesday afternoon, April 23d, at Palmer's Theatre. The rich treat of humor which is always set forth on these occasions, the unbounded popularity of the merry little jester himself, and the rare excellence of the programme provided—upon which Rose Coglan, Mme. Cottrelly, Mrs. Georgie Drew Barrymore, DeWolf Hopper, Master Tommy Russell, and a host of other artists, have conspicuous places—assure a brilliant social and professional event. Messrs. Wilder and Hopper promise to present their celebrated and unique conception of "Romeo and Juliet." Marshall P. Wilder sails on the *City of New York*, on May 1st, for his London season.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL's speech in behalf of the Parnellites before the Parnell Commission is conceded on all hands to have been a masterpiece. He showed the utter failure of the *Times* charges, and that Mr. Parnell's only care now was to unmask what he believed to be a foul plot against him. Where, he asked, did the money come from that was used to foment that plot? It was an association representing the landed interests of Ireland that supplied the funds, and sought thus to break down the leader of the revolt against the brutal despotism of the landlords. Sir Charles promised to produce evidence that would afford the fullest vindication for Mr. Parnell and his associates, and show conclusively that they were free from the remotest connection with crime.

ALTHOUGH General von Verdy du Vernois, the new German Minister of War, is fifty-six years old, it may be said that he is the first of the new generation of German soldiers to come to the front, for he was only a major in the campaign of 1861, and held a position of no great prominence on the general staff in the Franco-German War. He is admitted to be the foremost living military writer, and his works on the art of command have revolutionized the strategic teaching of all Europe. He has been Governor of Strasburg for the past six years. Von Verdy is a stout man of fine figure, not very tall, and looking strangely like Grant in face, beard and expression. His selection by the young Emperor for this great post is felt to be a notable stroke of clever policy, and it is assumed to foreshadow still further progress in the perfection of the German Army as a fighting force.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says President Harrison remains as attentive as ever to his pet, Baby McKee. The baby often wakes and calls for his grandfather, and the President, however fatigued by the duties of the day, never fails to respond. One night last week the President sat up until nearly midnight, engaged in an important political conference, and then hurried to his couch. He was hardly comfortably disposed before the baby awoke and insisted on grandpapa's presence. The Chief Executive of sixty millions of people dutifully climbed out of bed and lay down beside his pet. After getting him quieted the President resumed his interrupted slumber, but at about three o'clock he was again awakened, and dutifully obeyed the summons of the baby. Night like this do not put the President in the best humor with the hungry horde which is waiting for him in the morning.



Exterior of the Club-house.

PENNSYLVANIA.—THE RECEPTION OF POSTMASTER-GENERAL WANAMAKER BY THE NEW MANUFACTURERS' CLUB, PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 10TH.

FROM SKETCHES BY FRANK ADAMS.—SEE PAGE 175.



REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE E. BELKNAP, U.S.N.

GEORGE EUGENE BELKNAP, who has just been promoted to be a Rear-admiral, and ordered to the command of the Asiatic Squadron as successor to the late Admiral Chandler, and where his watchful eye and good judgment will be at all times required for the protection of lives and property of American citizens in the turbulent China and Korean waters, was born in Newport, N. H., January 23d, 1832. He was appointed a Midshipman from the same State, October 7th, 1847, and after serving as Midshipman until 1855, was commissioned a Lieutenant and ordered to the receiving-ship *Ohio* at Boston. On the *Portsmouth*, East India Squadron, he commanded a launch with a twelve-pounder howitzer at the Barrier Forts, four in number, on the Canton River, China, and assisted in blowing them up, the forts mounting 176 guns. He served on various ships during the late war, on the South Atlantic coast, and participated in the marine engagements against Forts Pickens, Wayne, Sumter, Moultrie; Batteries Bee, Beauregard, and capture of Fort Fisher; and was present at the evacuation of Charleston, firing the last shot at its defenses—in all, twenty-seven engage-



CONNECTICUT.—GEORGE E. BELKNAP, NEW REAR-ADMIRAL, UNITED STATES NAVY.

PHOTO. BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON.



PENNSYLVANIA.—JAMES H. WINDRIM, SUPERVISING ARCHITECT OF THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

PHOTO. BY GUTENKUNST.—SEE PAGE 175.

ments. He was commissioned a Commander, July 25th, 1866, and was attached to the *Shenandoah*, and commanded the flag-ship *Hartford*, in the Asiatic Squadron, from 1866 to 1868. He commanded the expedition against the Indians on the Island of Formosa in 1867; in the South Pacific station from 1872 to 1873, assisting in the survey for an interocean canal across the Isthmus of Darien. In command of the *Tuscarora*, on special duty, he made deep-sea soundings between the western coast of the United States and the shores of Japan, to determine the feasibility of laying a submarine cable on the bed of the Pacific, using Thomson's piano-forte wire, then comparatively untried. This he improved—the machine—and developed its working capacity, sounding with more ease and accuracy in 4,000 fathoms than was formerly done in 500 fathoms, using ropes. He ascertained the "transcontinental outline" from Cape Flattery to San Diego, and run a line of soundings from San Diego to Yokohama, Japan, via Hawaiian and Bonin Islands, and back again from Yokohama to Cape Flattery, Washington Territory, via the Aleutian Islands. He discovered, off the coast of Japan, the most extraordinary depths ever known before

or since, the deepest water being 4,655 fathoms, or more than five and one-fourth statute miles. He invented three different cylinders, or cups, for bringing up specimens of soil from the ocean-bed, which are now in use in both the Naval Service and Coast Survey.

Commander Belknap was the senior officer present at Honolulu when the riot occurred over the election of David Kalakaua as King of the Hawaiian Islands. He landed companies of "blue-jackets" and marines from the *Tuscarora* and *Portsmouth*, restored order, and occupied the town for six days, at the request of the King, when the new Government being firmly established, he withdrew the force to the ships. He received therefor, in conjunction with Captain Skerrett (commanding the *Portsmouth*), the thanks of the King, the Legislature and the Consular Corps. During the past fifteen years Commodore Belknap has served as Hydrographic Inspector, United States Coast Survey; in command of the Boston Navy-yard, Pensacola Navy-yard; on the Board of Visitors of the Naval Academy; the Board of Examiners of Midshipmen at Annapolis Academy; at Mare Island Navy-yard. He was commissioned a Captain, January 25th, 1875; Commodore, March 2d, 1885; and Rear-admiral, the past month. He has served in the Navy on



NEW YORK CITY.—JOEL B. ERHARDT, COLLECTOR OF THE PORT.

PHOTO. BY KURTZ.—SEE PAGE 175.



AFTER THE FISHING-HOUR: DIVERSIONS OF THE "TOILERS OF THE DEEP."—TRAP-SHOOTING AT GALILEE, ON THE NEW JERSEY COAST.
FROM A SKETCH BY J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 176.

land and sea for the past forty-two years, and will be placed on the retired list six years hence—1895.

A TALE OF SPRING.

SPRING-TIME is now approaching. The average man feels a change in his feelings. He wants to get out and prance about like a young colt. He feels that it is a shame that he has to be shut up in-doors at his desk. He wants to take a horse and drive out into the country, and hear the birds sing and see the trees budding forth, and see the new-born verdure and the little lambs frolicking about on the greenward.

The sprite of Spring with her gentle wiles has taken possession of his soul and infused new life into his jaded being. If he is the owner of a horse he goes and gets him, bound to throw business to the winds for this one day at least, and sallies forth to enjoy himself. If he sold his horse in the Fall he curses therefore, and starts out to purchase another. He examines many. This one he won't buy because of some defect in his legs; this one because of some defect in his body, and several more because their feet are in some way defective. "It is important, you see," he says to himself, "that a horse's feet are in good condition, for without them he would be in a bad pickle." Intoxicated by the breath of balmy Spring, he rests not till he finds a horse which satisfies him, and straightway purchases it.

How does he treat him now that he is his proud owner? He drives him more or less carefully—it is apt to be less—and after a couple of weeks sends him to the smith's to be shod. Does he take any particular pains to see that the feet he was so careful to note were in a perfect condition are not pared and cut away and otherwise abused by the skillful (?) horseshoer to whom he has intrusted his beast? Does he note what kind of nails are used to fasten the shoes to his feet? Not if he is the average man. He lets the smith do about as he chooses, and then when his horse goes lame wonders why it is so. In the Fall of the year, or whenever he wants to sell him, he wonders why the would-be purchaser is not satisfied with the appearance of his feet.

The use of poor nails is one of the most prolific causes of lameness in the horse family, and has much to do with rendering the hoof unsightly. These poor nails are made by the cold rolled and clipped process, and are liable to split or silver when driven, to the manifest discomfort of the poor equine sufferer, who may think himself lucky if he don't start on his journey to the better land before his time because of lockjaw. These nails have sharp edges, and with the tremendous pounding which the foot has to undergo while the horse is in motion will cut into the hoof and enlarge the nail-holes to an extent which will weaken the structure materially.

The Putnam Nail, on the other hand, from the process of its manufacture, cannot become laminated so as to split or silver in any manner. It is hot forged from head to point direct from the rod while at a welding heat, being afterward scaled by the water process, no acids being used, and then hammer-pointed. It is not clipped or rolled in any manner, and is identical in mode of manufacture with the old hand-made nail, which old smiths will always tell you was the best nail ever used. Its edges are smooth and it yields slightly under pressure, unlike the stiff, steeled nails made by other manufacturers. Its extra cost is the only objection to its use. This extra cost amounts to two or three cents a pound, an increase in the cost of shoeing a horse of from half a cent to a cent. Are smiths going to run the risk of paying for a valuable horse, or are horsemen going to run the risk of losing a valued steed, in order that the former may save a cent each time he shoes a horse? As these facts become known the increased sales of the Putnam Nail return answer.

How shall we distinguish a cold-rolled and clipped nail from the hot-forged Putnam? Examine the edges of the nail near the point. The dangerous clipped or sheared nail will show the marks of the shears near the point. The Putnam will present a smooth surface. Send to the Putnam Nail Co., Neponset, Boston, Mass., for samples, etc.

EVIDENCE.

The best we can say of Compound Oxygen is not half so convincing as the report our patients give of it.

While you may be ready to accept our statements, still the words of others have more of the character of evidence. There is encouragement in the following:

"GLASGOW, KY.
"I regard Compound Oxygen as a wonderful remedy, and shall ever be grateful to you for it."
"JAS. B. MARTIN."

"MIDDELTOWN, N. Y., January 25, 1888.
"I have used the Compound Oxygen now for about three years, and consider it the most efficient remedy ever offered to the sufferer."
"REV. WM. McGLATHERY."

"SUNTER, S. C.
"I have used the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment from Drs. STARKY & PALEN as a revitalizer, and have experienced marked benefit from it."
"MR. N. G. OSTEN."
"Proprietor Watchman and Southern."

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent, free of charge, to any one addressing Drs. STARKY & PALEN, 1629 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.; or 120 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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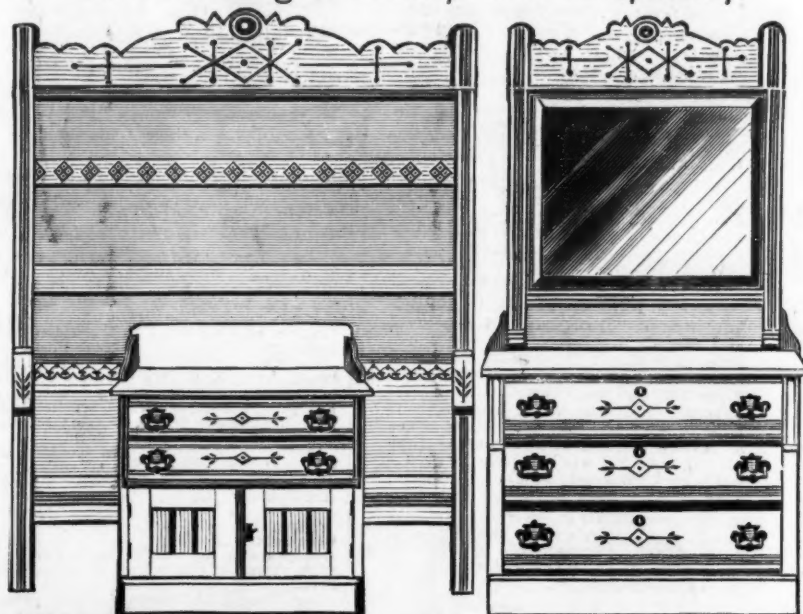
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"I have found that for sick headache, caused by a disordered condition of the stomach, Ayer's Pills are the most reliable remedy."—Samuel C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass.

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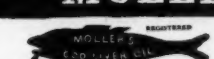
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Because—Of its perfect digestibility, perfect limpidity.
Because—This perfect Oil costs consumers no more than the poorer qualities abounding in the stores.
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Mrs. Peters had ill,
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With remedies wet, and with remedies dry.
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Their names and their number nobody could tell;
And she soon might have died,
But some "Pellets" were tried,
That acted like magic, and then she got well.

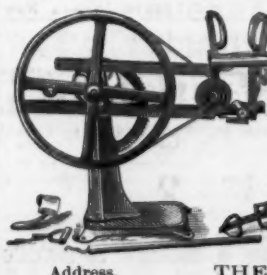
The magic "Pellets" were Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets (the original Little Liver Pills). They are unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.

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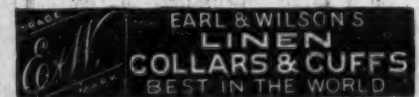
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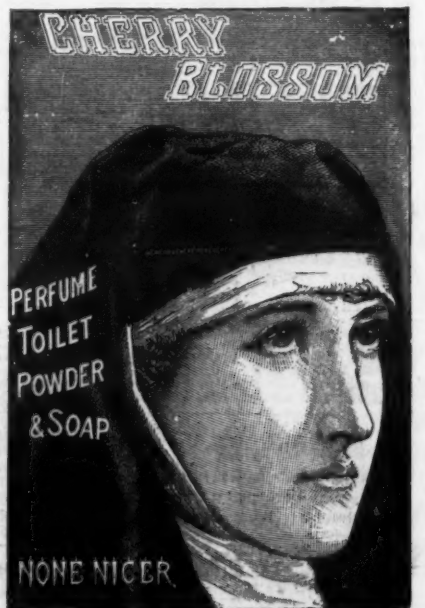
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